



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General

ANYONE reading the "Mail and Empire," particularly recent editions of that paper, must suppose that either the people of this province are utter asses or that that paper itself is a damp-fool. It is continually saying things and doing things which utterly ostracize it editorially from the consideration of anybody with wisdom enough to keep out of the bughouse. It is an exceedingly good newspaper, but its editorial feature is horribly bad. What it can and does tell its readers is intelligible and interesting as long as it confines itself to what it knows; when it begins to tell what it thinks the utterly asinine variety of opinion that it expresses, saturated with prejudice and bitter with malice, is enough to turn one's thumbs cold. If it would buy a little opinion worth expressing it would marvelously improve its position. Its articles on "The Real Laurier," the hater of Ontario, are simply rot, and if the party of which it is supposed to be the organ endorse that sort of campaign they deserve to be on the back benches till their teeth fall out. There is plenty to be said which is right and reasonable, without such a paper as the "Mail and Empire" becoming fanatical and furious over nothing or reminiscent when it should be silent. It is to be hoped that while the other newspapers of the city are making every effort to get first-class "gray matter" into their editorial department the "Mail and Empire" will not forget that its lack of enterprise in this direction is every day becoming more conspicuous.

GENERAL HUTTON, who made himself obnoxious out here, has succeeded in antagonizing the Australian Administration under which he is now working. The trouble with General Hutton is that he does not understand that he is working under any Administration, but thinks that he is the Administration himself. As the colonies so called begin to understand themselves better they will ship these fellows back home with a request that they be kept there. The colonial idea as it is understood in the United Kingdom, is that of a Crown colony where the Governor and his little clique of officials are restrained by nothing but the Colonial Office. In a Representative colony this is tempered by the advice of local men who are appointed really without any idea of control by local ideas, but to furnish an agreeable sanction for the doings of the Crown Administration. In a Self-governing colony like our own or like that of Australia, men who are impregnated by the traditions of Crown government make huge mistakes—mistakes which men like Chamberlain do not forgive.

There is no reason why we should feel any irritation by being called "Colonists" except that the Britisher understands that a colonist is ruled by a Governor and has no say of his own. The official in charge may do many things which the resident in a Crown colony has to accept, much to his personal humiliation, and yet he dare make no protest lest he become a marked man and his business ruined. It is this contemptible subservient person who as a colonist is despised in Great Britain. It is not colonists such as we have in Canada or such as they are in Australia who deserve this opprobrium, and I imagine that the difference between the two classes is now being better understood in the Home islands.

THE other Sunday I drove out to the Industrial Fair grounds, and I was greatly impressed by the beautiful park which Commissioner Chambers, in charge of that department, has created there. The seats were filled with those who came to look at the landscape gardening which has made the place beautiful, and it cannot be denied that the buildings have been so greatly improved that it is a pleasure to pay a visit to the place. Nothing should stand in the way of our next Exhibition, no matter by what name it may be called nor by whom it is managed, though the management will make a great deal of difference in satisfying the hundreds of thousands who will visit this interesting spot. The award and the trees are as beautiful as any we have in Toronto. I have in mind opinion which was once prevalent in Toronto that it would be useless to plant trees and flowers or to put down sod, for the people would trample them to death. No doubt the Fair grounds look very different after a big Exhibition, but the people of Ontario have demonstrated their hatred of vandalism by keeping the place they pay to see in reasonably good condition. A man or a woman or a boy or a girl must be a thorough vandal who wantonly destroys what it has taken so much time to get into shape.

IT strikes me that the law governing loan companies who sell stock on the assessment plan and confiscate what is paid in if the whole amount is not in sight when pay-day comes or when the stock should be issued, is much weaker than it should have been. The average subscriber to stock of this sort has no knowledge of business, and, first of all, those who default before six months but who thought that they were making savings bank deposits, are still permitted to be victimized. In the next place, those who default after six months and before three years receive only ninety per cent. of their payments. Those who default after three years are entitled to recover their deposits in full with interest. Why anybody should be penalized for not paying more money into a concern than they have to spare, I cannot understand. Whatever is put in, either as a deposit or on the stock basis, should be liable to be withdrawn on the most equitable terms it is possible to propose. To victimize the people who were canvassed at back doors and in alleys for these things is to discourage frugality and the saving of what little is left beyond what their necessities make it impossible to preserve. While Ontario, as Dr. Hunter, Inspector of Loan Corporations, declares, is the first country in the world that has taken up the question of legislation of these loan companies, and should receive credit for its initial movement, yet it cannot be denied that the legislation is much less drastic than those who wish to see the poor protected, had reason to expect.

CARNEGIE has been properly characterized by the "Financial Times" of London, England, for his demand that the United States should show any preference which Canada obtains from the Mother Country. They seem to be getting on to Mr. Carnegie in Great Britain and the "Times" alleges that his claim for the country in which he makes his money is "the most impudent paragraph in an impudent letter." "Saturday Night" has not been slow to express the same opinion, and it would seem that this eminent capitalist and philanthropist will have to die soon or his true narrowness will be a popular joke, notwithstanding his numerous gifts of libraries.

THE old line fence disputes are apparently not yet over. As everybody knows who goes about the country, straight fences are replacing those old crooked rail affairs which separated the fields and the farms in rural districts. I can remember of past feuds over line fences in which shotguns and bloody fights figured at the beginning and which were decided by lawsuits in the end—lawsuits which probably lost both farmers their estates. In Osgoode Hall there is a suit at present involving seventeen cents' worth of land, an oak tree, and the principle of not letting anybody get the snake fence from being the exact delimitation of the farm, but now that a straight fence has been built the litigants, who belong to the township of Brooke, are carrying from court to court their dispute as to which of them the tree belongs to, and as to whether the seventeen cents' worth of land appraised by the county judge is correct. Can we wonder that there is so little philosophical tendency to give and take in politics and religion when we find two prosperous farmers ruining themselves in so insignificant a dispute? Of course it is better to settle it with a lawsuit than with a shotgun, but as the tree would be of as much advantage to either one of them, no matter on which side of it the fence was built, it makes it a preposterous proposition that men who could spend the money to much more advantage by attending night school or going

on a trip to the Old Country to enlarge their minds, should drag the dispute into the highest courts of the province.

The narrowness and bitterness sometimes exhibited by neighbors is a part of the great social evolution which it is difficult to resist and for which it is difficult to account. In the country men who dislike one another are often forced to live thirty, forty, or fifty years side by side. In the city people move away from disagreeable contacts. In rural localities the disagreement of to-day becomes the bitterness of tomorrow and the feud of the next year. It is unfortunate that this peculiar tendency of human nature to revolt against undesirable contacts is so general, for it can be found in every walk of life, and results in all sorts of trouble and lawsuits outside of line fence disputes. The horizon of the farmers, who are practically imprisoned, is so narrow that their lives shrink to the small size of the locality in which they live. It is sadly true that this is the result when a man and woman unfitted for each other's companionship are forced to live all their days together, each one accusing the other of being the disagreeable element, yet as a matter of fact nothing more serious can be blamed for the perpetual animosity than their lack of adaptation to each other and the smallness of the interests which they both look upon as all-important. It is sad that men going out in surveying or exploring parties at the end of a few months learn to detest one another, though a couple of congenial spirits may remain friends until the end. They have no one but themselves upon whom to rely for amusement or to make life endurable. Supposing there is a party of seven and one starts a joke and makes one of the

does not mean that as an opponent of this oppressive corporation he has been at all put out of business. Toronto more than other localities seems well able to congratulate itself on its representatives in the House of Commons.

THE ship-owners of England seem to find it impossible to believe that the Canadian Government intends to grant \$100,000 per annum subsidy to the Montreal-Bordeaux Steamship Line. The service will be but fortnightly, and Liverpool shippers say that even if it were every ten days it would do the Dominion but little good. Their verdict is, "expending money on the French scheme would be like throwing it down a drain." They seem to think that the only way for Canada to spend money is to get a really first-class fast Atlantic line to Great Britain, but none of them seem to be particularly anxious to propose making a contract. No doubt when the Grand Trunk Pacific line is built and its output from St. John, N.B., or Halifax, N.S., is as great as is hoped for, we will have a fast Atlantic line and freight at a much less subsidy than has been offered in the past.

THE rumor seems prevalent that the surtax on German goods levied by Canada will be removed, as the Teutonic authorities seem to be friendly and are anxious to rectify the mistake they made by putting an overtax on our goods. The removal of this surtax on German goods should be carefully considered and should include some recompense for the loss we have suffered in the past. It is most extraordinary that so many years were allowed by Canada to

five men may get in a stateroom or into the obscure and evil smelling den which does as a "smoker," and play a poker game, and as long as they do not annoy the other passengers they are left alone, but nothing of the kind is permitted in public rooms where the captain is in authority only to suppress disturbance. It is to be hoped that the sensational liar who started this story will be located, for those who intend to come to this country for a quiet summer are liable to avoid it if they expect to have their pockets picked or be ruined in games of chance by professional and dishonest gamblers.

IT is said that British and Continental steamers going to ports in the United States and Canada are unusually crowded, and the hint comes from London that these passengers who are returning so early are speculators and their families who have got the worst of it and are trying to find out how they can get even. It may just as well be remembered that what I have often said during the past year will be an accepted truth before the snow flies, that stocks are going to bump all summer and take a real hard bump in the Fall. Everybody is trying to save himself or herself. There is no reason why the readers of this paper should not try to so arrange their financial affairs that they cannot be hurt any further by what is becoming an off-recurring thing in Wall street—a terrible slump bordering on a panic.

THE Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council on Tuesday gave out a decision which seems to indicate that a copyright granted in Great Britain, particularly in the case of a picture or illustration, has no value in Canada. Lord Lindley, who delivered the judgment, concluded by saying "that those who want copyright in Canada on paintings, photographs, drawings, et al., must obtain such by complying with the laws of Canada." This is a considerable victory for Canadian publishers who desire a copyright law the finality of which will be placed in Ottawa. Mr. Denton, of Pearson & Denton, made the fight alone, opposed by some of the most eminent counsel in London. I do not believe in piracy, but am firmly convinced that everybody who has evolved an idea either in picture, poetry or prose should be protected, for no one has a right to steal the brains of another. What I believe to be the contention of the Canadian Copyright Association is that the details and administration of this protection should be thoroughly Canadian and that we should have to go no further than Ottawa to find out what we have to do, nor go any further than our Capital in order to do it. This particular case, so long drawn out and having so many details, will do great work in bringing the British publisher to a sense that the Canadian colony is not a preserve of the London printer, and it gives me pleasure to feel that Canada in this matter is about to receive its rights. We have occupied a most anomalous position in the matter of both books and pictures, and the principle, once established, that Canadian publishers either of pictures or books have a right to legislate for themselves or have legislation passed to their taste, is a decided victory.

IT would perhaps be wise for those who endured the hardships of last winter in the obtaining of coal to be a little cautious about being carried away by reports of the discovery of this material in very unlikely places. Geologists have seldom been mistaken in locating in a general way the districts in which coal is likely to be found. True, the geologist has not been all over this country, though by this time he should have been. It will be a great relief to the Canadian public if the reports of coal having been discovered in Western Ontario are found to be true—though unlikely—and it will be a great thing for the projected Grand Trunk Pacific if almost illimitable quantities are to be found in the mountains adjacent to its prospective route. Just the same, it will be wise for people to lay in their stock of winter's coal good and early, for it is anthracite we want, and not pitchblende or something which is so far away that no possible cheapness of rates could afford us relief.

KING EDWARD'S tour in Ireland seems to have been a great success and justifies the title which has been applied to him of Edward the Peacemaker. A British subject cannot but congratulate himself that the long years of tutelage which our monarch enjoyed, or suffered, whichever it may have been, have resulted in producing a king who looks for his place in history as a kindly and considerate gentleman instead of being a firebrand and aggressive ruler. We will all welcome the age when war will become as ridiculous as a line fence dispute, and the people who are liable to have to fight or to have dear ones in battles will join in the wish that this policy may be pursued in all cases except where the national honor is at stake.

MANKIND outgrows the liking for pomp and hero-worship but slowly. Everyone is always interested in the elevation of an individual to a position of power and splendor above his fellows. The world, even in the twentieth century, has a relish for the details of a presidential election or the coronation of a king. When it comes to the filling of the most remarkable of earthly thrones—that of the Papacy—it is not to be wondered at that the interest of the whole civilized world is aroused to an unusual degree, for not only does the occupant of this throne command the spiritual and personal allegiance of over one-half of Christendom, but the forms and ceremonies by which he is selected from amongst the princes of the Church are of the most picturesque character, and once seated and crowned there is no monarch in the world who is surrounded by a court of greater splendor and magnificence, or who exercises a wider sway of power than the man whose good or ill fortune has placed him in the "chair of St. Peter." It is not remarkable, therefore, that during the next few days—perhaps for many days, for sometimes the election is a difficult and tedious matter—the interest of the civilized world will be largely centered on the hall in the Vatican where the cardinals are to sit in conclave and choose from amongst their number the Pope to rule the Roman Catholic Church. The extraordinary precautions taken to prevent any communication with the outside world while the election is in progress, are fully described on page 9 in an article by Monsignor Falconio, well known in Canada as the former papal legate accredited to this country. The whole article is of absorbing interest and will well repay perusal, but the point on which the chief emphasis seems to be laid by the writer is the fact that the cardinals are absolutely cut off from the outside world, and that the most stringent measures are adopted, extending to the minutest detail, to remove them beyond the reach of any contaminating influence from the world outside while the election is proceeding. This is doubtless as it should be, yet it is a painful reflection on the infirmity of human nature, even when concealed by a cardinal's robe. If the conclave were not cut off from outside communication it is evidently feared there would be something of the log-rolling that characterizes a good many elections in this world. Interested Governments would endeavor to make their desires effective and the parties which divide the clergy of even the most united church in the world into opposing camps would have a better opportunity to operate. That such influences would be brought to bear need not surprise us, but that the highest representatives of the Church, met together to name the viceregent of God upon earth should be inferentially susceptible to worldly and personal motives shows that the priest does not leave off his human nature when he puts on the robes of his office. If cardinals and high priests are subject to improper appeals in the election of the supreme pontiff, what wonder that in civil elections the unwashed and unsanctified are often played upon successfully by corruptionists and manipulated by smooth-bore political artists?

THE REV. DR. LANGTRY is apparently never so happy as when heaving theological brickbats in the assembly of the righteous—not, perhaps, because the doctor really desires to see anybody get hurt, but because by nature and training he is a controversialist and can no more refrain from participation in every passing polemical "set-to" than a bull-



THE "MAIL AND EMPIRE'S" CONCEPTION OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

number the butt of it. Five of them laugh with the perpetrator of the joke and embitter the man who is the object of it. Later some other interest is excited and another man is "run upon" by his companions. That embittered man, and in an ordinary camp it does not take long until every man has a grievance against his comrades. The bitterest animosities which exist are to be found in districts more or less isolated from the world where the people have to rely upon one another for friendliness and support, and nearly always these little settlements divide on some paltry question. The feuds of the mountainous districts of Kentucky and Tennessee are good exemplifications of this. It would appear that the only way to live is to accept the cynical proposition that nothing matters. It is only the cosmopolitan and the one acquainted with the world that can appreciate the force of such an axiom. Business men settle their small disputes with their customers, frequently at their own loss, and simply wait to get the advantage necessary to recoup them. Unbusinesslike people desire to settle their little troubles on the spot either with their fists, a gun or a lawsuit. It is a disheartening state of affairs as regards public peace, and in respect to domestic happiness all one can say is, "Oh, the misery of it!"

TO those who do not deal in cattle nor have to do with live stock interests, disputes and rivalries in respect to a market seem of very little interest, though the meat interest is one of the greatest we have. The business is an enormous one, capable of making great profits to a city far-sighted enough to establish proper yards. The fact that the Controllers have upheld Commissioner Fleming and endorse the proposal to reduce the charges and fees to cattlemen should be an encouraging sign to those who think the tendency of Toronto is to do business on a very one-horse scale. It would be well for Toronto to look after its interests in the live stock business, for it was this business that made Kansas City, and without doubt it was the first great forward movement of Chicago. We are all apt to think that our own little affairs and the interests kindred to ourselves are the only ones to be looked after. The importance of the live stock interest to Toronto cannot be overrated.

THE enormous expenditure which has been made on the Trent Valley Canal and the proposal to vote another \$250,000 for its construction was very properly the subject of an enquiry by Mr. Brock, M.P. for Center Toronto. The absolute folly of starting to build a ditch of this kind about five feet deep, and which has so far cost nearly \$4,000,000, and which will be useless as an artery of trade, does not need to be demonstrated. It was started to help a few pull-ropes in Parliament to help them in their elections. It has been continued for the same purpose and is now the laughing-stock of everybody who sees it and compares the income with the outgo. Scarcely enough to grease the hinges of the locks has been realized, yet to please the men through whose constituencies the canal is being built these extraordinary sums are annually voted. If it meant the rapid development of the country it would be all right; as it means simply an additional burden placed upon the taxpayer who in the remotest possible shape is to receive any benefit, the whole thing is preposterous. Mr. Brock has more than once shown stability of character sufficient to obstruct nonsensical legislation. In E. F. Clarke we have another good member who has made the fight against telephone monopoly his own, and that he has not won

elapse before reprisal was made, for the reprisal is evidently bringing the German Government to time with remarkable swiftness. For five or six years I have been clamoring that our reprisal should be made, but Governments act notoriously slowly and we have suffered considerable injury for a long period and should make Germany pay for it. It is really an unimportant matter to us; it is an exceedingly important matter to them. Let them pay the shot.

A LONDON, England, newspaper is predicting hard times for British settlers in the Canadian North-West this winter. The Canadian Government should prepare for this condition of things, which no doubt will bring misery to a great many of the improvident and unskilled settlers. It is hard to dump a man and his family out on the prairie in May or June and hope that he will get enough out of the land or his savings to provide for the winter, a winter which nobody desires to belittle, because the weather is exceedingly cold and inclement. It is a part of the price that we have to pay for settlers, and if it is paid and the people protected, further immigration is made just that much easier. The man who comes here and is reasonably cared for is the best immigration agent we can have. These immigrants are by no means paupers, but they know nothing of a thermometer that drops down thirty or forty degrees below zero. They should be told about it and taught to make preparations for it, and if they have not the ready money it should be supplied by the Government as a cheap lien on the land. This country cannot afford a scandal involving the freezing to death or the starving to death of newly-arrived settlers.

HONORABLE CHARLES ROTHSCCHILD is reported to have commissioned the Arctic whalers to procure for him a Polar flea. He offers a reward of £1,000 to add to the collection in the famous zoological museum in Tring Park, where there are already thousands of these alert insects, obtained from birds and beasts in all parts of the world. Mr. Rothschild has fitted out the whaler "Forget-me-not" especially to look for the Polar bug. If he had worked as hard dodging fleas as I have, I think he would keep out of the business and would not look in the Arctic for any special variety, for it is in the Orient where the flea chiefly gets in his work.

THE New York "Herald" published under a Toronto date a somewhat startling paragraph about the prevalence of gambling on the big steamers which ply on the chain of lakes. I confess myself rather fond of a game of poker at a small limit, and I have been a passenger on these steamers a good many times without having seen a single instance of a poker game, either straight or crooked, being carried on by sharpers from the United States or any other country. The vessels are neither built nor organized on the plan of having a general smoking-room where, as on Atlantic liners, those who are fond of a game of chance can either see or be injured by anything of the sort. None of the larger lines even permit a bar on the boat or the sale of liquor to the passengers. It may be that United States lines running from Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit, where the discipline is much more lax, provide opportunities for poker games and the fleecing of tourists. As far as I am acquainted with the lake traffic, there is nothing of the kind under our flag. Four or



dog can keep out of a scrap on a street corner. Dr. Langtry is greatly pained at the prospect of Trinity's joining forces with the "godless" provincial university, and in his very pronounced expression of opinion delivered last Sunday night from his pulpit, and quite fully reported in the daily papers next day, the hard-hitting and rancorous theologian seems to be heard rather than the educationist and man of affairs who must face conditions as he finds them and deal in a practical way with difficulties. It is not necessary to go into the reasons which have induced the authorities of Trinity, headed by the statesmanlike and lovable little provost, to see that it is to the interest of Trinity University, more even than to Toronto University's advantage, that the breach of fifty years ago should be healed. That Trinity University has been starved because of the indifference of the Church on which she has relied for sustenance, and that a university in the modern sense requires resources which even the aspiring Bishop Strachan could not have dreamt of, are points which the friends of Trinity cannot overlook in considering what is to become of their institution. It appears to be only the truth to say that Trinity must enter into confederation with Toronto or suffer ere long complete effacement from the educational map. Dr. Langtry objects because in his view Toronto is a "godless university," and by inference he adheres to Bishop Strachan's conception of a university which is not godless—that is to say, a university in which religious tests shall be applied in the case of both professors and students. No man, however, can advocate a return to such a system with any hope of success. The world has outgrown the notion of religious tests and disabilities, in education as in politics. What has a man's creed to do with his teaching of mathematics or chemistry? It is even less significant in connection with such things than in affairs of state, for while learning is essentially cosmopolitan and without race or country, the Church is still in politics, and the teacher is less likely to color truth with doctrine than the legislator is to do the bidding of the cloister while professing to serve his country. If Dr. Langtry in denouncing Ontario's "godless" university means that he would like to take us back to the days when only those who subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles could claim the privilege of either teaching or being taught, let Dr. Langtry say so in as many words, in order that everyone may understand exactly what he is driving at.

The experience of the Methodists in the federation of their Victoria University with Toronto ought to be rich in lessons of experience for other denominations struggling to carry out separatist educational programmes. Victoria has not suffered, but, on the contrary, has prospered, as the result of the union. And though Queen's has up to the present stoutly refused to consider the matter of surrendering her own little preserve in the eastern corner of Ontario, some of the best friends and supporters of the Presbyterian university are pointing out the inevitable fate awaiting Queen's in common with all such establishments in this day of consolidation of resources and centralization of energy. In the last number of the "Presbyterian," Rev. Prof. Scrimger of Montreal, in an altogether remarkable letter discussing the future of Queen's, declares: "I have always been of the opinion that Queen's made a serious mistake in refusing the offer of confederation with Toronto University, proposed by the Provincial Government some years ago. Trinity University then did the same, but now has apparently reconsidered, and is likely to fall in. I presume the offer is still virtually open to Queen's as well. It has no objection to Government aid. There is no hope of obtaining that aid on its own terms. Let it accept it on the Government's terms and all parties will be satisfied. . . . It is perfectly true that Queen's can now only remove to Toronto at much greater cost than would have been the case when the proposal was first made. But there is great reason to fear that if it refuses to do so it will be at the cost of its life. Its friends and graduates have made many sacrifices for its sake. Let them crown all these by one which seems dictated by common sense and sound policy. It will assuredly need more than their good wishes to save it in any other way."

THE spider-like tactics of the professional money-lender in entangling the unwary or the embarrassed into the infernal web of usury have received a good deal of attention at the hands of the press in great cities like New York and London, but very little in places the size of Toronto, though even here the financial blood-sucker who fattens on the substance of his helpless victims is by no means a curiosity. In fact there is a great deal of money-lending upon usurious terms in Toronto, and doubtless a great deal of misery and heart-break as a result. As a sample of the seductive invitations which are circulated amongst people likely to be entrapped, the following circular has been placed in my hands, and I am assured that thousands of these papers have been distributed in sealed envelopes at the doors of workingmen, clerks, and those in only moderately comfortable circumstances:

"Dear Sir or Madam,—

"Did it ever occur to you how convenient it would be if you knew of some responsible firm that would act as your banker in case you were at any time financially embarrassed or in need of a little ready money? It is with the thought that you might at some future time need our assistance, that we have taken the liberty of sending you this private letter, trusting you will not be offended in case we can be of no service to you. It is certainly no disgrace to be short of money, but embarrassing to be obliged to borrow of your friends, thus letting them know of your financial difficulties. "We have a large sum of money on hand which we wish to loan out in sums of \$10, up to \$500 on pianos, household goods, or personal property of any kind, the security to remain in the undisturbed possession of the borrower. We also make private loans on plain notes without endorsement to salaried people holding permanent positions with responsible firms. If you are ever in need of a loan, we think it would be to your advantage to come to us for the following reasons. Our rates are less than you will have to pay at any other company in the city; we give the longest time and allow you to pay back in monthly or weekly payments such as your circumstances will permit. Loans taken for three, six, nine, or twelve months can be paid in full at any time and you will only be charged for the actual time you have the money. Every payment made on the amount borrowed reduces the interest in exact proportion. Our business is done on banking principles, and you will enjoy the same courtesy and confidential treatment you receive from your banker, in fact we look after our patron's welfare as well as our own. "Our offices have private interviewing rooms and are so arranged that you can talk with us confidentially, and no one outside of our offices will know of your visit or that you are borrowing money. We would be very much pleased if you would call and see us, should you desire any further information. The interview will cost you nothing and you will be enabled to satisfy yourself as to the truth of these statements. "In cases of sickness or death we grant extension on your loan, so you need have no fear of losing your security. "Yours very respectfully,

"P.S.—Do not destroy this letter. It may be of service to you some time in the future."

Possibly those who will rise to such a bait, only to find the hook penetrating their gills, are deserving of little sympathy; yet it is to be remembered that a man in hard straits financially is not always the master of his own judgment, and that everyone is inclined to magnify his ability to discharge in the distant future responsibilities contracted in the immediate present. It is too easy to pay off by instalments, in six, nine or twelve months, a sum which in the lump would appear formidable, but the borrower who has to resort to lenders who do business in back rooms and behind gaudy doors, generally finds that the interest keeps him sweating even when he has provided for principal. The reason users like to get hold of persons who have employment with responsible firms is that they may the more safely bleed them through the fear of exposure and dismissal. No matter how desperately situated, people should beware of placing themselves in the power of money-lenders for experience proves that there is no shorter cut to ruin and the graveyard than by the get-money-easy route.

#### Starvation in New York.

"Town Topics."

Starvation in New York, with its millions of dollars a year expended in charities, ought to be an impossibility. But there have been three authenticated cases within a week and only God knows how many other men and women are suffering in silence, unable to get work, ashamed to beg, and overlooked by the officials of charity societies, homes and institutions.

"How are you, old fellow? Are you keeping strong?" "No; only just managing to keep out of my grave." "I am sorry to hear that."

#### TYPES OF CANADIAN BEAUTY.

XIII.



Photograph by Frederick Lyon.

#### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto is at her summer place in Kirkfield. Mrs. Mackenzie is in England and will bring back his fifth daughter, Miss Katie, from school on her return.

Mr. Ernest Cattaneo is having a most pleasant visit in England and on the Continent. He is now in Switzerland and intends visiting Northern Italy and Holland before returning to Toronto.

Mrs. Archie Langmuir and her family are in Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mrs. McAndrew, who has been so long an invalid, is also at Niagara-on-the-Lake for the heated term.

I hear a surprising report of the unheralded marriage of a well-known military man and a lady of high official connections. How it began I know not, but it does not bear the earmarks of truth.

Among those who went out for tea to the Lambton Golf Club on Saturday were Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald, who quite recently returned from a long sojourn abroad. Both are welcomed home with a great deal of pleasure by their friends, and are very well.

Polo and golf divide the interest of the habitués of the Hunt Club, and the interlude of five o'clock tea on the lawn is always a welcome one, for the riders and the golfers find the fairer sex looking cool and dainty on the veranda or lawn, to share their cup of tea, and a contingent of golfers in short skirts and sun-kissed hands come with the men folks from the links, "perishing for a cup of tea." The use of autos makes a speedy transit from town assured, and both at the Hunt Club and the Lambton Golf Club some of the "bubbles" are sure to be meekly standing awaiting their modish freight.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod of St. George street and their family are spending the vacation in Georgetown, Prince Edward Island. Miss McLeod is taking a course of treatment for rheumatism at Hot Springs, Virginia. The family will return to town about the first of September.

Mr. Barlow Cumberland writes as follows: "The first annual 'Thames outing' of the Canadian Society of London took place with much success on Thursday, 16th July. The party, numbering nearly a hundred, included visiting Canadians from many parts of the Dominion, and were received at Waterloo Station by Mr. F. Barlow Cumberland, president; Mr. A. Mossman, treasurer, and the officers of the society and the members of the London colony. Special carriages were reserved to Morely Lock, Hampton Court, from where the steamer 'May Queen' was taken for the river trip. The morning and afternoon were spent amid the beauties of the Thames. Lunch on the upward and high tea on the return trip were served at Chuteau. Congratulatory remarks by Mr. John F. Ellis of Toronto were duly acknowledged by the president, and on the way home a little informal deck entertainment held, to which Mr. J. W. Bengough and others added much pleasantry. The July outing of the society next year—in which a further section of the Thames will be visited—will be looked forward to as a pleasant reunion for Canadians visiting England with those permanently residing there." Among those present were Mr. John F. Ellis, Toronto; Messrs. R. T. and R. K. Gaunt and Mr. R. L. Gaunt, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Mitchell, Toronto; Mr. W. J. Suckling, Toronto; Mr. John A. Patterson, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. F. Barlow Cumberland, and Miss M. Cumberland, London; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cumberland, Hatfield; Mrs. O. G. Miss Olive, and Mr. A. McK. Anderson, Woodstock; Misses H. G. and B. King, Whitby; Misses Mary and Catharine Barr, Renfrew; Mr. Irving Cameron, Toronto; Miss L. C. Brent, Miss Holland, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. McKicken, London; Mr. E. J. Burns, Mr. A. E. Holden, London; Mr. J. W. Anderson, Woodstock; Mr. Acland, London; Dr. R. Reeve, Toronto; Mr. J. W. and Miss Bengough, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Ross, London; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bland, Montreal; Mrs. E. L. and Miss E. Young, Toronto; Mr. Fred A. Young, Toronto; Mr. A. T. Mossman, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lester, London.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. P. A. McCallum and her sister, Mrs. Moore, on account of the very sudden death of their mother, Mrs. Murray of St. Catharines.

The sudden death of Dean Innes of London was painful news indeed to a very wide circle of friends. The good old dean was an historic figure in the history of the Church of England in Western Ontario. Besides being the handsomest clergyman in Canada, he was a gentleman of the old school, with an indefinable charm of manner and a very vigorous personality. He began his career as a military officer and took high orders later, after procuring his retirement with the rank of captain. Dean Innes was twice married. Very tender is the sympathy which is felt for his daughters, Mrs. P. H. Carling and Mrs. Harkness, and for his one son, Mr. John Innes, the clever painter of Western scenes and life.

The past week has been a series of surprises and novelties, writes a correspondent at Niagara-on-the-Lake. First there was the "golf circus" at the Queen's Royal. "Golf circus" sounds rather ambiguous, and perhaps it was curiosity attracted everyone to the golf clock Tuesday afternoon. At any rate the circus was a great success. The game is played on an ordinary golf green, which is the "ring." The ball is tied in front of a paper covered hoop a little distance from the course, and the "performer" is supposed to loft his ball through the hoop and into the net beyond, which "breaks the fall." After this grand entre a tour of the ring is made, various hurdles and tunnels being encountered en route. Finally the ball is played into the center of the ring and lofted through a small trap (if possible) and holed out. Various premiums and penalties, in strokes, are allowed and the net number of strokes for the round constitutes the player's score. Among the men first honors were taken by Mr. Thomas Miller of Cincinnati, who made the remarkable score of 13. A curious coincidence was discovered in the fact that Mr. Miller was the thirteenth to play. Mr. Miller claims that he reached here on the 13th of the month and was assigned room No. 13, and good fortune has been attending him ever since. Miss Ogilvie of Buffalo captured the ladies' prize, and Miss Reba Miller the booby or "clown's" prize. The prizes were handsome silver articles.

During the evening an informal card party was given in the parlors of the Queen's Royal. Mrs. F. S. Reynolds of Toronto was successful in capturing the first prize, a beautiful

coral necklace, and Mrs. Charles H. Pipon the second, a burnt wood jewel box. Mr. Bronson Rumsey of Buffalo took the consolation. Among those playing were Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mrs. Lionel Clarke, Mrs. Hammond, Miss Butler, Mrs. E. H. Bickford, and Miss Alice Turner of Toronto. Wednesday there was the usual informal dance in the Casino. Friday has become known as golf day. There is always a competition Friday afternoon, which, with the accompanying tea, is much looked forward to. A mixed foursome was the event last week, and resulted in a new course record, 46, this score being made by Miss Butler of Toronto, and Mr. Boomer, playing scratch. The second prizes were won by Miss Fleishman of Buffalo and Mr. Kenneth Waters of Cleveland. On Saturday afternoon another medal competition was held over the same course, the prizes being presented by Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Murray, very popular young society people of Pittsburgh summering here. Miss Butler of Toronto was among the prize winners.

The Niagara Tennis and Golf Club events of the present week include a clock golf competition, Tuesday; mixed doubles at tennis, Thursday; a men's handicap and a ladies' handicap, Friday. Prizes for the last mentioned event are offered by Mrs. Hammond of Toronto.

Saturday's hop was perhaps the largest of the season thus far. There were present a large number of Toronto yachtmen headed by Mr. Stephen Haas, vice-commodore of the R. C. Y. C., and Mr. George Gooderham, rear-commodore, who came over on his beautiful schooner yacht "Clorita." Among them were Messrs. Fred Cox, Charles Brown, Harry Hees, George Gale, Jennings, Colson, Conrad and Tyus.

Recent arrivals at the Queen's Royal noticed in the Casino were: From Toronto—Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. C. M. Conniif, Mr. A. C. Larkin, Mrs. A. Smith, Miss Alice Turner, Mr. F. S. Cox, Mr. T. F. Woods, Mr. Alex. Gibbs, Mr. J. J. Connor, Miss Marion A. Phillips, Mr. N. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Kingsley, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Medland, Mrs. E. A. Bickford, Mr. J. Henderson, Mrs. J. A. McAndrews, Miss Frances Cross, Mr. W. S. Dinnick, Mr. Robert Gardner, Mrs. Cardwell, Mr. A. C. Rogers, Mr. J. E. Sweet, Miss P. Green, Miss Greig, Mr. Edward R. Greig, Mr. Stephen Haas, Mr. George H. Gooderham, Mr. E. Corlett, Mr. S. H. Morrison, Mr. J. A. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Lyon, Mr. W. J. McGuire, Mrs. Notman, Mr. Edgar Gooderham, Mr. Jack Hyman, Mr. Colin N. Hamilton, Mr. C. T. Wood, Mr. K. Miller, Mr. A. H. Reinhardt, Mr. Harry Macdonnell, Mr. G. K. MacBeth, Mr. L. A. Conrad, Jr., Mr. J. J. McAuliffe, New York and St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Conlan, New York; Mr. F. Mandel, New York; Mr. Joseph Mansel, St. Marys; Mr. William V. Ebersole, Cincinnati; Mrs. G. W. Campbell, Warren, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, Chicago; Miss Whitney, Miss Hancock, Mr. J. M. Hancock, Niagara Falls; Miss Anne Murphy, Plainfield; Mrs. R. McClain, Miss McClain, New York; Mrs. M. Halle, Miss E. D. Weil, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKnight, Pittsburgh; Mr. J. J. Randall, Niagara Falls; Miss Bertha Leiter, Rochester; Miss Catharine Tallman, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Armstrong, Master L. Armstrong, Benjan; Mrs. Albert J. Wright, Miss Wright, Niagara Falls; Mrs. W. J. Travis, Garden City; Mr. and Mrs. Burt Van Horn, Burt, N.Y.; Misses Clair and Natalie Haviland, Mrs. T. Logan Murphy, Plainfield; Mr. and Mrs. David Misset, Easton, Pa.; Messrs. Raymond B. Harold R., and Donald G. Misset, Easton, Pa.; Mrs. Charles M. Greens, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gaylord, Chicago; Mrs. W. F. Noe, Miss Blanche Noe, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. E. Campaign, Master E. Campaign, Rochester; Miss Marie McCallum, Lockport; Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. W. C. King, Mr. W. C. King, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Mortin, Mr. Donald Mortin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Woods, Miss Marjorie Woods, Master Edward W. Woods, Pittsburgh; Mrs. W. E. Tench, Niagara Falls; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Vickers, Chicago; Mrs. Gilbert Walker, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, Niagara Falls; Mr. George K. McDougall, Montreal; Mr. Edward E. Lothrop, Providence; Mr. J. R. Kelley, Rochester, Mr. John L. Moir, Glasgow; Mr. D. McNaid, Glasgow; Miss Bertha Ruffner, Mrs. Lucien Archer, New York; Mr. C. H. L. Michie, Miss McSloy, Miss Coy, Mr. G. F. Muriel, St. Catharines; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Godfrey, Atlanta.

The death of Mrs. J. J. Foy has robbed a loving family circle of a devoted wife and mother and a large circle of friends of a woman whose many gifts endeared her to all and whose warmth of heart made her friendship a boon the loss of which is keenly regretted. Love and sympathy do their utmost to temper the blow to those she loved so tenderly.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club Lawn Tennis Association have elected as their honorary president Commodore Amelius Jarvis; president, Mr. J. J. Gibbons; vice-president, Mr. J. S. Douglas, and secretary-treasurer, Mr. Arthur Massey.

There has been a depletion in the ranks of the old-time Islanders for the last couple of seasons, more than met, however, by quantities of new residents, and during this month there will be quite a little town over the bay. Among long-time standbys who are not over this season are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Massey and their young folks. Miss Muriel Massey is going to Cleveland to-day to visit Mrs. Baldwin, who was formerly Miss Wilkes of Thistledale.

A sad happening of the past month has been the sudden death from convulsions of the beautiful little youngest daughter of Monsieur and Madame Rochereau de la Sabiere, which occurred during the short absence of Madame Rochereau in Brooklyn, Ontario. Those who know the affectionate home life of these charming people and the unusual intelligence and loveliness of their little folk, will believe that the loss of wee Bernadine commands all the friendly sympathy they can express. Madame la Comtesse de Rochereau left recently to attend the wedding of her niece in Paris, accompanied by her son Rene.

Miss Thompson of Denver and the Misses Lucille and Clara Crews, who are making a three months' tour of the waterways of the Eastern States and Canada, were in town on Wednesday at the King Edward. They left by boat on Thursday for Niagara, and took the boat from Buffalo to Mackinac Island on Thursday afternoon. I commend their sort of tour during the hot weather as more restful than an alternation of train and hotel life. The ladies were delighted with the King Edward, and pronounced it the prettiest hotel they had patronized. As our neighbors are, above all, able critics of hotels, in fact, as a humorist says, they prefer hotels to scenery, their praise of the King Edward is worth noting.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh are touring in the Eastern Provinces. Quite a number of people are down in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia from Toronto.

During "les vacances" several of our well-known mondaines are having extensive improvements and alterations made in their residences. Mr. J. Herbert Mason's home, "Erneleigh," is being made more commodious and attractive by the addition of a conservatory on the south side. Mr. G. Plunkett Magann is also adding a large wing to Thornleigh, which will much improve his charming residence. By the way, I hear he is also leaving for England on the 29th with his two elder sons, George and Hubert, whom he will place in the "Oratory" at Edgebaston, a school very highly recommended, and where at least one of our most popular society men received his education.

The Saturday afternoon and evening rendezvous at the Lambton Golf Club gains weekly in numbers and "chic." The beautiful, airy clubhouse, with its wide piazzas and fine rooms, its panoramic view of the sylvan surroundings which are eminently attractive, in fact quite English, with hill and dale and clumps of forest trees, with streamlet, lakelet, and an island about as big as a Twelfth Night raisin cake, around which the club men enjoy many a swim in early morning. I have the assurance of an experienced golfer and of the layer-out of scores of links that the equal of the Lambton links is hard to find, and the superior, at all events on this continent, impossible. The management does not sit down content, however, but planning all sorts of nice things far ahead, to wit, a toboggan slide from the second balcony way out across the valley, which should be the perfection of fun. During the winter season, open house will be kept for the sleighing parties and tobogganers. At present "the game" is so fascinating that only gathering darkness drives the golfers home to dinner. There are no dull moments after the evening meal, either, for the club has enrolled musicians, composers, improvisateurs and vocalists, elocutionists and raconteurs, who, added to their talent, have the grace of good nature in using it. So, on last Saturday when the place was crowded for dinner, while the after-dinner smoke was de rigueur, Mrs. Austin, wife of the president, played, Mr. Percy Parker sang, and Mr. Proctor contributed a golf ditty to the catching tune of "Don't you know" which brought down the house. Everyone enjoyed out to bring the jolly party home. I hear that a new house manager and staff went on duty this week, and better and



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better things are to be expected later on. A station platform has been built and some of the Saturday night guests clamored for a comfortable seat to be placed thereon, which we shall probably find on our next visit. The sunset, seen at the Lambton Golf Club, is alone worth the time spent on a trip to that delightful resort.

Dr. James McLeod, whose prospects are so bright as a specialist in surgical work, will commence practice in Buffalo this month, where his clever operations have gained him the consideration of the experts in surgery. Dr. McLeod has leased a very well suited in the "Touraine," and carries best wishes from his Toronto friends.

A welcome pair of visitors to the family of Mr. and Mrs. Lamont are their relatives, Mrs. I. L. Nicholls and her young daughter, Miss Dottie, of Chatham. Miss Dottie has been a popular guest at the Island dances.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones are traveling east during the vacation. Miss Alleyne Jones has gone into hospital work in New York, where her sister, now Mrs. Douglas Ridout, had such success.

Mr. Burnett Laing has taken a position in the Sovereign Bank. Mr. W. C. Muir, formerly of the Ontario Bank here, has, I am told, gone back to banking and is doing well in New York.

Miss Muriel Smith of Rosedale is spending a month in Muskoka, and another bright young Rosedale lady, Miss Nellie Allen, is leaving on the 10th for a visit at Ferndale, Muskoka.

Mr. E. W. Sandys of New York left last week on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Sandys, at Chatham.



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Building Sale Price \$5.50

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## Social and Personal.

A number of diners enjoyed the menu so well served at the Yacht Club Island house on Monday evening. Some of the summer visitors always take in these dinners, and peculiarly welcome are the "merry Americans" who go down into the "lakes" in "yachts." Several smart yachts have anchored off the club shore this season, and on Monday a Philadelphia party and on Tuesday a Detroit one were admiring our green embowered Yacht Club house.

Mrs. Paul Krell, who spent a short time in Toronto recently, is away to Eastern summer resorts, and will, I understand, return here later. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith and their family are going to the seaside. Miss Margaret Thomson will accompany her sister.

Parties for Muskoka, Niagara and various other accessible points are being formed to spend to-morrow and Monday, the Civic Holiday, out of town.

The new flats (someone calls them the "Alexandra") on the corner of Sussex avenue and Huron street are nearing their ultimate appearance. They are on the English plan of architecture, with numbers of those iron balconies which, brimming over with flowers, make smart windows in London a thing of beauty one never quite forgets. There are all sorts of pleasant and thoughtful arrangements for comfort in these flats, which will be finished, I hear, in October. Four years ago I wrote an appeal to capitalists to build such structures, and assured them the demand would soon turn over their money in good shape, and the satisfaction of seeing my assurance amply justified has been public property. The St. George has what our republican neighbors call an "elegant" patronage; the two structures in course of completion will soon be equally full and popular, and it's up to the East Side to provide as good buildings for the increasing and clamorous ranks of servants and exasperated housekeepers in every direction.

Miss Thompson of Pueblo, Cal., is at the King Edward on a visit to Canada.

It has leaked out that a recent registration of titled people at a leading hostelry was made by a New York dramatic critic and his party as a practical joke. The Governor-General did not hear of it in time to write invitations to Rideau Hall, but some of our "would-be" called on the scamps and their cards are now in the list of "easies" of the dramatic critic and his mischievous pals.

Toronto men are getting wary, however, and when a traveler the other day called on a prominent savant and presented the card of a magnate of the East as his introduction, the savant promptly telephoned to the magnate to enquire whether the caller was known to him. Everything about the caller was distinguished and dignified, his intimate knowledge of his sponsor convinced the savant that only a personal acquaintance of some length could have bestowed it, and yet there was something about the visitor that wasn't just right. Imagine the consternation of the savant when the magnate cheerily replied: "Do I know Henry Colville? Why, my dear friend, he's my valet, who has just come into a bit of money and has gone on a trip until I am ready to take him back with me to Scotland. Why do you ask?" The savant told the valet why, later on, but was merciful enough to put the magnate off with some careless excuse. It isn't many years since a well accredited ticket-of-leave man was persona grata at some of the best houses in Toronto, for all the rogues and all the unsuspicious folk are not by any means dead yet.

Lady Meredith, Mrs. George Peters, Miss Miriam Hellmuth and Mr. Jack Meredith, her fiancé, are to spend August on the Maine coast.

General and Mrs. Sandham are with Lady Gzowski at the Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra are at Yeadon Hall during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Stair and their little son Philip of St. George street are up the Saguenay.

The marriage of Miss Oslor of Craigleigh and Mr. Wilmott Matthews will take place towards the end of this month.

The stork has called on Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Reeves with the gift of a little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Downes and Miss Downes of 245 Wellesley street left on Friday for Prince Edward Island, where they will spend a month.

Mrs. W. Claude Fox left on Thursday for a summer sojourn in the Eastern Provinces. She will visit New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

People are telling me that the management of the Royal Muskoka by Mr. Alan Campau is a vast improvement on former years. A tourist party have just returned, loud in praises. The following is a list of the recent arrivals: Mr. Patterson, Mr. John Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hees, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gruppe, Mrs. and Miss Brock, Mr. F. E. Hodkins, Mr. James D. McMurrich, Mrs. D. C. Mann, Master D. C. Mann, Mr. H. F. Chaffee, C. R. Elliott, M.D., Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Miss Cawthra, Miss Campbell Renton.

Miss Olive Walker is in Winnipeg on a most enjoyable visit with Colonel and Mrs. Rutlan.

The Island Amateur Aquatic Association have a very attractive programme arranged for next week. On Wednesday, August 5, at 7 p.m., a splendid programme of aquatic sports will take place, and in the same evening, after the sports, a grand concert will be given at the Aquatic Hall, to which a general invitation is given to everybody who can make it convenient to attend, and on Friday evening, August 7, at 8 at Home and dance will be given at the club house, Center Island, for which arrangements have been made and invitations can be

secured from the secretary at the club house on the evening of the dance.

Dr. and Mrs. Howitt and Miss Amy Howitt spent a few days in town on their return from the Pacific coast, and have now gone for a few weeks to the Lake of Bays, Muskoka.

Dr. Bertha Dymond, late of 199 College street, now of 23 Brunswick avenue, leaves by boat to spend a month in Maine and Boston, accompanied by Miss Adams, 23 Brunswick avenue, who goes to visit a sister in Strong, Me. They will return September 1.

Mrs. Adams of 290 Borden street leaves on August 4 for Winnipeg, where she intends to reside in future. Mr. Adams left some months ago.

The following are the guests registered at the Minicoganashene Georgian Bay: Mr. H. Gordon Mackenzie and family, Mrs. and the Messrs. F. and B. Maculloch, Mr. H. J. Scott, K.C., Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. and the two Misses Rose, Miss Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McMahon, Miss M. A. Snively, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Sykes, Mr. Frank Wyld, Toronto; Captain G. C. Beardsley, Mr. B. S. Hubbill, Mr. W. H. Gopline, Mr. G. L. Schriver, Cleveland; Major C. Van Straubenzie, Kingston; Mrs. Playfair, Mrs. W. Featherstonhaugh, Miss Anton, Miss Morice, Miss Gault, Montreal; Mr. John Paterson, Glasgow, Scotland; Mr. J. W. and Mrs. Ryder, Toronto; Mr. Dwight J. Turner, Midland; Mrs. W. Dale, St. Mary's; Mr. Edward Rogerson, Mr. Ed. A. Rogerson, Mr. M. Wheeler, Miss Clara B. Torrey, Le Roy, N.Y.; Judge Piper, Niagara Falls; Mr. W. E. Liptrott, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss Vida Rogerson, Miss B. M. Wooding, Le Roy, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Angus Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Cautley, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Baker, Washington, D.C.; Mr. Hobson, Midland; Mr. O. W. Scott, Listowel.

With the death of Mr. J. C. Bailey Canada loses one of its most prominent civil engineers. He was seventy-eight, but an active man till within a few months of his death. He has been chief engineer of many roads during their construction, and was a kindly man, universally trusted, both as to his honesty and his ability. The railroad men in Canada will be saddened by his death, even at so ripe an old age.

Mr. A. Dickson Patterson has leased his beautiful residence in Elmsley place to Mr. Hanna, who has come from the North-West to reside in Toronto, and will take possession of the artistic home next month. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson have been for some time gravitating towards Gotham, and will go there directly. I hear they have a perfectly charming flat and studio near the Waldorf Astoria. Mrs. Patterson is slowly regaining the use of her injured limb, after an invalidism of many weeks, though still only able to move about her room with crutches.

Mrs. Hartley Dewart returned from her Continental trip last week, her return being, I presume, hastened by the lamented death of her father-in-law, Rev. Dr. Dewart, as her companions de voyage, the Misses Gartshore, of Hamilton, are still abroad.

Mrs. Creelman left this day fortnight for England and is now enjoying some holiday weeks with her two elder daughters. Miss Edith, wisest of small girls, is spending the time with her aunt, Miss Jennings. Mr. Alec Creelman, who is the happiest man in Canada just now, spent last Sunday with relatives in Toronto. I hear so many nice things about his fiancée, Miss Wylie, that his bliss seems quite justifiable. The many warm friends Mr. Creelman has here and elsewhere are sending him tons of congratulations.

Colonel and Mrs. Beach, who were Lord Dundonald's guests at camp in Niagara, have returned to England. After leaving Toronto they spent some time East before sailing for the Old Country.

Mrs. Skeffington Smith, who was here last week, like her fascinating and handsome sister, Mrs. Maude, is "divinely tall and most divinely fair," and gave some of Mrs. Maude's friends an impression that the latter was visiting in Toronto, as the sisters are very much alike.

Mrs. Coen (nee Stevens of Collingwood) now of Chicago, is spending some weeks with friends in Robert street. A very piquante and pretty daughter is with her and is much admired in smart circles. Mrs. Coen is a sister of Mrs. Jerry Taylor.

The Yacht Club summer dances, while intermittent, are exceedingly popular this year, and last Monday quite a brilliant party enjoyed the Cinderella function at the Island club house. By the way, that delightful Irishman, Colonel Sharmar-Crawford, and his wife are on their way to America for the Lipton races, and it is to be hoped they will come on to Toronto, where the Colonel spent a short visit several years ago, and was entertained by the R.C.Y.C., who honored him as the commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club and liked him as a genial and hearty Irishman. Colonel Sharmar-Crawford lives at a beautiful home, Crawfordsburn, near Belfast, where the welcome to Canadian friends is ever of the warmest. Since his visit, the secretary of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, the "only" Hugh Kelly—who accompanied his Commodore, has dropped into matrimony, and I think I heard he is not now the "only" Hugh, long life to him!

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## Handled With Gloves.

(A Linguistic Incident.)

**O**NE night in Berlin, Jones, who had come abroad for his health, said to Brown, who had come abroad for purposes of study: "Can you read French?" Brown gave a very ready affirmative. "Do you read it well?" asked Jones. "Read it well!"—there Brown hesitated; then—"well, not so very well perhaps; but I've studied it a lot in school and in college."

Jones crossed the room and took a book out of his desk. "Here," he said, bringing it to his friend, "see what you can make of that. A mighty jolly fellow gave it to me, and told me I'd enjoy it, only he said not to tell anyone that he recommended it."

Brown opened the book and looked at it wisely; then he glanced through it in spots and shook his head.

"I'm not studying for the ministry, to be sure, but still—" he held out the book, closed.

Jones took it and looked at it eagerly. "What's it about, anyhow?"

"All I can say is it's too much for me," said Brown; and he added, "my advice to you is to pitch it in the fire. That's what I'd do."

Naturally, Jones did not take such a piece of advice; he put the book away and waited for another erudite friend to visit Berlin.

The next one was White, a man of great talents, who had been in various American colleges, two English and three of Continental Europe. He had fought a duel in Leipzig and was understood to be at home in four languages. He appeared to be formed by fortune to satisfy his friend's need of the moment.

"Trot it out," he said, jovially, when the subject was broached; and then he lit a cigarette, tipped his chair back, grabbed the book in question, and plunged at once deep into its matter.

Presently he began to laugh.

"What's the fun?" Jones enquired.

White looked at him over the top of the pages.

"Can't you read it, really?" he demanded.

"No."

Then White chuckled and continued to read, only ejaculating, from time to time, "Great!" "Oh, fine, you know!" "Bully business!" etc.

"Do translate a bit!" pleaded Jones, almost hopping with impatience.

"Oh, my boy, you ain't old enough to understand the half of this. Wait till you're forty, and pray to be up to it then."

Jones felt some disgust. There are limits even to the prerogatives of a duelist. He buried himself in a "Herald" until his companion ceased reading, and then he put the book out of sight once more. He had to put it well out of sight, too, for he was expecting a visit from his mother. She was to have his room and he would sleep on the divan in the annex. Of course, incidentally, she would go through everything.

She did go through everything—the first day, found some bills and a photograph of a girl he must not marry; but she missed the book, and one afternoon when she was out, her son carried Grey to the apartment and felt that his hour was surely come. Grey and he were boyhood chums, and Grey had been in the consulate at Paris once for quite a while, until the Congressman, his father's second cousin, died suddenly.

"I suppose you must understand French like a Frenchman?" Jones said, fishing for his key-ring.

"Oh, I can parley up pretty purr," replied Grey, who had just left all his conceit in the Avenue de l'Opera.

"Can you read it?"

"Like English."

Jones hauled forth the book, and handed it over.

"Where did you get this?"

"From a fellow."

"Gee! I wonder what he thought you were?"

"I can't read it."

"That's your good luck."

"What's it about?"

Grey shrugged his shoulders.

"I hope you don't think just because I lived in Paris one year that I'm up to

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anything like this!

Jones looked doubtful. The other handed him back the book, and just then he heard the outside door bang, and had only time to fling the piece of modern literature behind the divan. The two young men went out afterward, and Jones prayed that his mother would not find the book.

She did, though.

As luck would have it, she had that very morning set a trap under the divan for a mouse that had been heard gnawing the night before.

When Jones came home his blood fairly ran cold, for his mother's pure and placid face was bent over the book. The Book!

He came to a halt, and she looked up and actually smiled.

"Have you read this?" she asked.

"No," he stammered, "I don't read French."

"What a pity!" she murmured; "it's such a favorite of mine—the famous 'Signons of Bossuet.'"

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Chicago "Daily News."

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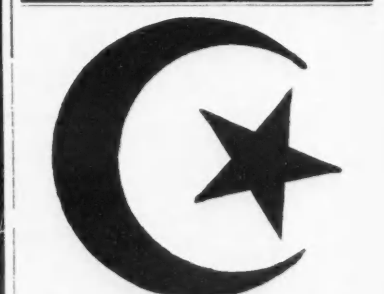
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# A BY-WAY TO FORTUNE

THOUGH the affair attracted much interest at the time, and many reports, some of them highly imaginative, were circulated through the district, there is, I believe, no one so competent to give a plain, substantial account as myself; for I was present at the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last scene.

"It all comes along of this new edition," said the village cronies (we were in the fifties then). "If he hadn't a' been eddicated, he couldn't a' done it."

"Eddication?" or no, the news fell like a thunderbolt on our country-side: the Squire's house broken into, his old butler wounded, and, chief of all, the famous diamonds stolen! Simple folk could scarcely realize a parallel audacity; as for our village constable, he was fathoms out of his depth even in the shallows of such a mystery. Special men came down from London for the case, and, after a month's silence, a development was arrived at.

Many years have passed—more, indeed, than I care to reckon—since that eventful afternoon, yet the memory of it still lingers with me vividly, for I was but a stripling at the time, and unused to the harsh realities of the world.

Picture to yourself an autumn day, quiet on the ear, but raw and damp to one's flesh, with little drops of water hanging from every brown leaf, and clouds of steam rising from the horses' backs, and behind them your servant, plowing alone in a far outlying field. There could be few more solitary tasks, for the place being remote and wild, you might work there a year and a day without hearing the sound of a man's voice. At the bottom of the field ran a strip of wood about three hundred yards wide, and extending a mile or so up the valley. As I plodded slowly in the furrow, I whistled to myself for company's sake, and had thus got well into the swing of my labor, when, turning on one headland, I caught sight of three figures creeping down the field under the shelter of the opposite hedge. As they reached the spot to which my plowing led me they halted, and watched my steady progress across the field towards them. They were fine, strong men, I noted, respectfully clad in sober-colored clothes. Inexperienced as I was, in their stalwart upright bearing, the squareness of their shoulders, their heavy clean-shaven jaws and fixed expression, I recognized, through the civilian attire, that most curious and at times terrible product—the disciplined man. As I drew my horses up one, who appeared the leader, and carried, I remember, a smart little cane, which he bent before him in both hands, spoke to me.

"Farmer Hazlett's son, I believe?" he said. I replied that he was so.

"Well, Mr. Hazlett, your father," he continued, "down at the farm, told me you would give some information."

I was at his disposal, I said. He kept under the hedge, and spoke in a low tone, yet the words were distinct, and his manner to the point.

"First then, is that Croomeley Wood?" he asked, pointing to the lower side of the field, where the land sloped into the valley.

"Yes," I answered. "Do you know it well?" "As well as any person in the parish, for very few go there save the gypsies for firewood."

"How many paths are there in it?" was his next question. "Only one."

"Could a man push through it else where?" "It is possible, of course," I said; "but you would hear him half a mile off." He appeared pleased at my answers, and nodded a sharp "Good."

"Now, where does this single path run?" starting again.

"About six yards in the wood from the bottom of this field."

"Then if I stand down there I cannot miss seeing or hearing anyone who passes through the wood?"

"No," I replied. "And if anyone comes from that direction"—he pointed across the valley—"it will be also impossible."

"Yes; but in that case," I added, "I should myself catch a glimpse of them from here, as the path rises almost out of the wood for a few yards at one place."

"Good," he said once more; "it is a pleasure to question you, Mr. Hazlett. One thing more let me beg of you, and that is to oblige me by going on with your plow as if you had not seen us. A look, a word from you at a critical point might spoil one of the prettiest bits of work ever put up."

I said he might rely on me. "If you see anything, don't see anything, but keep your horses moving," were his last rather enigmatical words.

They went, falling naturally in step and in line, down the hedge, whilst I pulled my team round for another turn, and so had my back to them till I had crossed the field. When I again faced in their direction, I saw that they were concealed at various distances along the top of the wood, and that two comrades of the same substantial build had joined them, making in all five. Journeying from headland to headland in the usual stolid fashion of men that follow the plow, I could not help fancying that I was in a manner helping the part of decoy to some unsuspecting wretch; but, reflecting it was none of my business, I persevered on my way to and fro. Thus about two hours passed. What happened then?—nothing but the crowing of a cock pheasant, answered almost immediately by a rival from another part of the wood. Had not my eye chanced to rest at that moment on the only one of the five watchers distinctly visible to me (the man whose questions I had answered) the thing would have passed me unnoticed. He (the watcher) had made himself fairly comfortable even among the dripping branches, with the smart cane stuck in the ground before him, and a short pipe in his mouth. On the first pheasant-call he put the pipe smartly in his pocket, and changed his position stealthily to one of extreme readiness. So long as I faced towards the wood I could, of course, be keenly on the alert

without betraying it; but in the return furrow this was impossible save by breaking my promise in looking round. I resisted the temptation till halfway across, when an uncontrollable impulse led me to drop one of the lines and thus obtain an opportunity of glancing behind me. It was the affair of a moment; it is true, but I saw the figure of a woman fitting hurriedly along the wood-path; she carried a small basket under her arm. "Martha Foster—Ned the poacher's wife," rose instinctively to my lips. Another yard and she was hidden by a thicket. I was so surprised that I made no attempt to continue plowing, but stood staring at the opening through which I had seen her. A deep and, to me, solemn silence reigned; then a startled magpie fled chattering from the branches, followed almost immediately by the shrill scream of a woman, and a yell, half rage, half defiance, so intense, so savage, that I scarcely thought it came from a man, but rather from some wild animal at bay. Scream after scream thrilled me as, leaving my team, I rushed down to the wood. At a broadening of the path three figures were struggling with a prostrate man; two others held a woman back, who clawed and shrieked like a fury; on the ground lay her basket, with the food it contained scattered and trodden in the drifts of damp, sodden leaves. There was a sharp metallic click, and the three stalwart men rose, leaving their prisoner handcuffed on his face.

"Come, missus, be reasonable," said the leader; "you'll only do him harm now."

Even she covered before their calm, machine-like impassibility, and her cries subsided to a low moaning. They lifted Ned Foster to his feet, put their clothes, disordered and muddy from the encounter, to rights, lit their pipes, and exchanged a few words, such as: "Smart bit of business;" "Very pretty indeed;" "Glad to hear that pheasant-call;" and so forth. "Now then, my lads, fall in and let's be marching," said the leader, picking up his cane.

Since his capture Ned Foster had preserved a sullen silence, but now he growled out: "What's this along of, mates?"

"Squire Venne's diamonds and wounding his butler," was the brief reply. "Come, best foot forward, or we shan't reach in till dark."

Before they left the fields to enter the closed-in lanes, Ned Foster turned for one last look at a white cottage standing alone in the fields across the valley, whence the woman had come bringing the food that led to his capture—the home which should know him no more. But his wife, following last and unguarded—for they had no fear of her attempting to escape—let her eyes wander neither to the right nor left, nor indeed ever lifted them from the prisoner, who, with hands crossed before him, strode doggedly beside his captors.

The curtain falls on Alpha, the first scene in this history. Before telling the second and final, I must pause to give a few, very few words of explanation.

Squire Venne was a gentleman of an ancient family, moderate estates, and emphatic pretensions to social position. There were two things for which the Venne's had, during many years, been distinguished, both to their county friends and to our village folk—first, their chronic impetuosity, and the traits they were often put to as a result; secondly, the famous family diamonds, which Mrs. Venne wore on every possible occasion, to the great comment of other county ladies. Many a time had financial storms arisen which threatened to swamp Squire Venne and his house for ever unless the famous jewels were sacrificed to still the troubled waters. Yet when all seemed lost through this unaccountable obstinacy, at that very moment, by some mysterious negotiations, other expedients were always found; and though report often had it that at last the diamonds had been sold, with the next Hunt Ball Mrs. Venne was again the envy of her neighbors.

The surprise in the village at the capture of the poacher was very great, for it was not thought even that he was in the district, as he had set out (it was now remembered against him) with great ostentation up-country in search of work a week before the robbery, and had not been seen since. Having always been a morose, sullen man, not much pity was felt for him by his neighbors, though a distinct note of censure might be generally observed that, after all, the affair was the result of local talent.

Ned Foster was in due time tried, convicted and sentenced to be transported; the evidence of his guilt was absolutely conclusive. Martha Foster, against whom lay nothing beyond taking food to her husband, was discharged, when she returned to live alone in the old white cottage.

So far success had attended the efforts of the police, but one important feature of the case remained unsolved—the jewels had not been traced. Fragments of their mountings were found on the person of the prisoner, yet threat or promise was alike powerless to induce him to disclose his knowledge or produce any effect save a savage snarl at their impotence. The prevailing impression was that he had a confederate in some accomplished rogue, who was doubtless the designer of the whole plot, and who had undertaken the disposal of the gems. Precautions were therefore taken by the officials to keep a watch on all known channels through which such goods might be expected to pass—as I have said without result.

In spite of this fact, Squire Venne used every influence he possessed to obtain a mitigation of the sentence. It was, he said, a painful thing to him to feel a fellow-creature doomed to the horrors of transportation for those wretched jewels. This also was in vain; and so Ned Foster was buried under the shadow of the convict prison in the prime of his life, whilst the famous diamonds remained securely concealed from the world's eyes. Winter drew to summer, and summer in turn to winter, and so many times over, till people forgot the great robbery at the Hall, or, if they did recall it, were doubtful whether it happened in the year '55 or '53; and still

the convict worked out his punishment, and still the diamonds glittered unseen, unknown, from their hiding-place.

## II.

It is a long entr' acte to my second scene—fifteen years. In such a space changes come to even a country village. Time did not spare ours. Martha Foster had died; the close of her life was passed in solitude, half forced on her, half sought, but utter and complete. The white cottage had fallen into ruins; doors, window-frames, and later even rafters were burnt by wandering gypsies on their camp-fires; cattle sought shelter in it from rain and sun; over the hearth a stout elderberry-tree shot up, showing its branches above the four bare walls; that alone remained partly intact; in the garden before the house rabbits from Croomeley Wood sported at dusk—they had little to fear now from Ned Foster, the poacher. Yet, in some places age, decay and death had sown their desolation, in others the signs of new work and progress appeared: a school, a public-house, a railway, marked their different aspects. It was from the nearest station on this line that I found myself trudging one dark night. The season was a rainy one, I remember; the day, like many of its fellows, showery, and though it was fine when I left the little platform, the clouds now threatened an outburst at any moment. I am not a timid man, yet many times in that walk through the wet, muddy lanes I glanced over my shoulders uneasily into the darkness. I fancied continually that I caught the sound of footsteps at a measured distance behind me; pausing to listen, there was nothing but a tremulous rustling of leaves before the rain. About a mile from home I reached a field-path, in crossing which a considerable saving of time and labor could be effected by those who knew it well enough to travel by night. After a moment's hesitation—for the nervous feeling still had a grip of my mind—a few large spots of rain urged me to immediate decision; so, leaving the road, I pushed on at a swinging stride along the lonely footpath. Down came the rain in heavy thunder-drops. Recalling thankfully that my way led by the ruined poacher's cottage, I quickened pace and neared the four bare walls at a run. Had I gone inside there would have been more shelter, but the darkness of the interior looked so blank and eerie that I merely crouched under the outside masonry, comforting myself with the thought that the shower would probably be as short as it was fierce. I might have stood there five minutes, when a noise, the clink of a nailed boot on stone, startled me. Peering in through an opening where two of the walls had gaped apart, I saw, to my astonishment, a faint light shining. This specter, growing larger and brighter, resolved itself into a candle flickering from a nook of the dilapidated fireplace; beside it, as if waiting for the feeble wick to gather force, stood two men. A tangled mass of creepers drooped across the gap in the sides of the cottage, and enabled me to watch intently their movements without much risk of being observed; for which, when the light fell more strongly on them, I felt very grateful, as their appearance did not invite confidence. Beyond this one mutual trait, they were types of men as unlike as possible. The nearest to me was of small build, unmistakably Jewish in countenance, and dressed in shabby smart clothes, from which he now scraped recent mud-splashes carefully; the other had a powerful frame, a hard, worn face, wild, unkempt, grizzled hair. He looked like some ragged outcast, and carried, I noticed with alarm, a short iron bar. This man stood shading his eyes with one hand, whilst he gazed round the deserted home.

"To come to this!" he said in a hoarse voice.

There was a long silence, broken at length by the other. "Hold up, my friend; you learnt what to expect," he said, flicking himself with a red silk handkerchief.

"They told me that she was dead; they told me the old house was fallen; but could a man a' believed this?—trees growing from the hearth; beasts of the wild creeping through it as they will!" His voice rose in pitch at each word.

"Hush! somebody might hear us, my friend; we know we have got better work on hand to-night than crying over spilt milk." He spoke with a cunning power in his voice.

"Ay, you're right, my lad," cried the elder man, his voice changing at once; "that's all gone and done with. I've paid the price—fifteen years of hell, and this"—he waved his hand round the ruins; "but it's my turn at last. Such sparklers, my lad, such sparklers!"

"Now you are talking like a man should," approved the other, nodding his head, "so let's get to business; that fool in front of us on the road has delayed it more than enough already."

This was the home-coming of Ned Foster, and thus I chanced to be a spectator of the sequel to the great diamond robbery.

At the Jew's last request, Ned Foster now took a step forward, then stared round the four tumble-down walls in a vacant, bewildered fashion.

"Well, what's the matter now?" asked the Jew in a querulous tone.

"It is all so broken down, there's no trace even of the stairs. I can't fix the spot."

His companion bit his lips in vexation, but replied in the same cool, even tone: "Come, pull yourself together, friend; this is no way of doing business. You buried them under a flag at the bottom of the stairs, you say?"

The returned convict nodded. "Can you remember where these stairs stood?"

"Between the two rooms about here, I think," He walked two-thirds down the cottage and hesitated.

"Well, then, one room must have been much larger than the other," said the little man, losing his eyes shrewdly.

"No, they were both about the same size," leastways this was a bit of the biggest," replied Ned Foster, pointing helplessly to the smaller third of the interior which he had marked as cut off by the stairs. From his dazed expression it was plain to me that his memory had almost entirely given way. The Jew jumped up in a sudden paroxysm of rage. "You fool!" he shrieked, "if the stairs are where you have placed them, how can that be the largest room?"

There was a long pause while Ned Foster rubbed his forehead despondently, and the other paced up and down to regain composure.

"Come, this is no way of doing business, friend," again said the Jew. He scanned the convict's face long and thoughtfully, after which he started the most extraordinary cross-examination I have ever heard, putting one question after another, and perceiving the coming answer so rapidly that the man before him had not time to form his words ere he anticipated them and passed to another query. They ran something after this: "Now, friend," in a sharp voice, "which room did you live in? which room did you see the light in of nights when you came home from work? This, you say," as they walked to the end of the cottage indicated. "Now where did you have your table? In the middle of the room?—right, friend. When you sat at your supper, were you near the fire? About a yard and a half off, was it? Very well, then, we may put one side of the table here." He marked the distance off from the old hearth by a stone. "How broad was this table? A little over a yard, you think, friend." He again placed a stone to mark it. "Now was there anything between this side of the table and the wall? A dresser where your wife kept her crockery?—good. Could you pass easily between this dresser and the table? Yes. Well, we will give it this much, and adding a yard for the width, it will bring the wall here," placing another stone.

So, after similar measurements in all directions and innumerable questions, a complete ground-plan of the cottage was obtained, and finally a certain spot located under which the Jew confidently asserted was the particular flag-stone they required.

The consternation of the convict had now left him; a feverish eagerness prevailed in its stead, and he felt to the excavation of earth and fallen masonry, which had accumulated to some depth over the stone floor of the cottage. It was heavy work, and the single tool they had was of little assistance to them; so, unwilling as he seemed to be, the worker was soon compelled to relinquish the task to his companion, who continued it in a much more leisurely style. Ned Foster now squatted down, holding the candle, and presently, when his breath had returned, spoke again:

"When I remember all I've gone through for these diamonds and how little you've done, it makes me wonder how I ever came to share 'em with you," he said, musing gloomily.

The Jew straightened his back for a moment as he replied contemptuously: "You—what can you do without me, friend? Get caught over the first stones; get a shilling where I can give you a pound. Where would you have been just now if not for me?" He spat as if disgusted, and resumed his work. The convict continued to mumble and wink at the candle till he spoke aloud once more:

"I don't go back on taking you in; it's only—only—"

"Only what, friend?" "Only, if you should try to cheat me over them, my lad," his voice going very low, "nothing could save you or hide you from me or keep me off you. I've waited fifteen years for these, I'd wait fifty for you. I'd have your blood if I followed you to—"

"Come, friend, what's the good of going into all this?" interrupted the Jew: "it's not business, I say." He spoke soothingly, but the gleam of his black eyes flashed to where I stood.

Presently, when they had dug down about two feet, I caught the ring of iron on the flags.

"Let me come down to it now, do you hear?" shouted the elder man so eagerly as almost to threaten.

"Just as you please, friend," was the cool reply: "you could have done it all if you liked. Have we hit the right flag-stone?"

Ned Foster nodded—he seemed too full for speech—and began to use the bar as a lever, for which purpose it had evidently been brought. The stone was easily pried up, and going down on his knees he burrowed in the earth underneath with his hands. First he drew out a rust-eaten gun-barrel; then a bundle of game-wires, the rotting pegs still dangling from them; after that the gun-stock, and a steel gin or two. On each of these coming to light they laughed excitedly; but a long, anxious silence followed as he searched for something lying still deeper. It was a strange scene: the two men in this desolated house, through which the candle shed a quivering light, throwing up vividly the dark alert features of the Jew who held it, and the other, bent double, his head buried in the earth, the whole framed by the outside darkness and the stillness of night, for the rain had long ceased.

Suddenly Ned Foster sprang up with a cry, grasping a battered tin shot-flask. I could hear the rattle of hard objects inside. His senses seemed to leave him, and he ran to a corner by himself, clutching the canister to his body, as if afraid the air might rob him of his treasure. The Jew's face had flushed, too, in the first moment, but he sneered now at his companion's frenzy, and without a word started to push the earth and flagstone into the hole. Meanwhile the convict, recovering somewhat from his overpowering emotion, knelt down where the earth was smooth, and pulling a dirty rag from his pocket, spread it out before him; then he twisted the top from the shot-flask, and poured the diamonds gleamingly one by one on the rag. Every now and again I caught a sparkle as the candle-flame trembled in the air. This sight overcame the apparent indifference of the Jew, for he drew near and watched the little heap grow slowly larger with a fascinated gaze.

"How many more have you got there, friend?" he asked almost in a whisper, as the other paused and looked up in his face.

"More—twice as many—three times as many," He shook the flask and laughed. I don't think that the past fifteen years and the ruin they had brought with them weighed on the convict's mind at that moment. The man standing knelt down beside him, and taking a few stones in his hand, examined them with the air of an expert, the other eyeing him suspiciously.

A long, a very long pause ensued. At length the Jew regained his feet. As he turned, he was almost startled into an exclamation that must have betrayed his features had such a ghastly expression. He took two or three hasty turns up and down, and pulling a bottle from his coat, gulped down the contents like a man with a fever throb on him. Ned Foster's eyes never shifted, but still no word was uttered.

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"Friend," said the Jew at length, "do you know what share of those stones I want?"

There was no reply. "I don't want one, not one; you can keep 'em all," he snarled, showing his teeth.

Still no answer, but the convict ran his hand through the stones; it seemed as if he failed to understand the words spoken to him.

"I am counted a good judge by my friends in the trade," continued the Jew, "and I think if you sell them well—very well, mind—they will about pay your fare to London. I shall try and find the way back myself. Don't ever come near me again. I might—I might do you harm, my friend." He stepped out into the darkness with the most venomous contortion in his face human creature ever bore. As for Ned Foster, he took not the slightest notice, but continued to play with the spurious gems, uttering at intervals a low, gleeful laugh.

I comprehended then how Squire Venne had managed to pay his debts, and enable his wife still to wear diamonds, if only of paste.

Thus ended Omega, the final scene of this tragedy; what remains is of the simplest. In one of Squire Venne's almshouses lived for a few years a broken old man, oblivious of all—name, birthplace, career—whose sole remaining impulse was to guard and surreptitiously play with a handful of paste diamonds.

To the day of his death none save the squire, himself an aged man, and the writer, recognized in him Ned Foster, the ex-convict. He lies buried by his faithful wife, Martha.

Byways to fortune, easier traveling, shorter though they may seem than the high road, "the straight way and the true," along which slow and honest folk plod, generally turn out very rough and tortuous paths indeed, their wayfarers often losing themselves in a valley, misty at its mouth, and ending in a great darkness.

Who Are the Battenbergs?

OF the many millions of people ruled by King Edward it is very doubtful whether more than one or two hundred thousand have a clear idea of the size of England's royal family, taking into account the descendants of King George III.'s three sons, the Dukes of Kent, Cumberland and Cambridge. To the great majority of people it is a complete puzzle. Even in Victorian times there were numbers of persons in this country absorbed to such an extent in minding their own business and that of their near neighbors that, though instinctively loyal to their good Queen, and well content to be her subjects, they could never remember the names of Her Majesty's children beyond the first three—the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred.

As for Queen Victoria's grandchildren, especially those whose fathers were foreign princes, the average Briton "gave it up" if asked where the Hessians or Christians came from, and whether any one of them had a chance of the English crown.

As regards the young Battenbergs, a disposition prevails to-day to class all of them as belonging to Princess Beatrice, whom many benighted creatures imagine to be the mother of Princess Alice, lately betrothed to Prince Andrew of Greece.

In reality there are two Battenberg sets—three sons and one daughter, the children of the late Prince Henry and our late Queen's youngest daughter; and two sons and two daughters, the children of Prince Louis and Princess Victoria of Hesse, the latter being one of Queen Victoria's foreign granddaughters. To this second group does Princess Alice of Battenberg belong; and Princess Beatrice, instead of being her mamma, is her great-aunt and aunt-in-law combined. The interesting young people included in the two families are really German Highnesses of but minor degree; but the great affection felt for them by our late Queen seems to class them among "the rest of the royal family" prayed for in England's Established Church, and most people wish them well, even though hazy over their real names and titles.

So far, only one of Queen Victoria's great-granddaughters is married—Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen, who became Princess Henry XXX. of Reuss in 1898, when she was nineteen years of age. Her mother, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, was younger—aged seven—when she was married to the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, being anxious, so it was said, to escape from the arbitrary control of her maternal parent, the then German Crown Princess, afterwards the Empress Frederick—who, in her turn, had become a bride about two months after her seventeenth birthday.

The first of the Victorian "Four Generations" pictures represented our late Queen with these descendants, the eldest daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter; and sentimental folk to whom this group appealed were somewhat disappointed that the venerable sovereign passed away without figuring in a five-generation tableau.

Princess Alice of England, Queen Victoria's second daughter, was not hurried to the hymeneal altar so early as her elder sister, being more than nineteen years of age when she became Princess Louis of Hesse. Her eldest daughter Victoria, was twenty-one at the time she married Prince Louis of Battenberg; and Princess Alice of Battenberg is now eighteen, and may have to wait a while before becoming a bride, her fiancé being a king's younger son, with no definite income of his own.

No photograph could be taken of these four generations—Queen Victoria, Alice Grand Duchess of Hesse, Victoria Princess Louis of Battenberg and Princess Alice of Battenberg—for our late sovereign's second daughter died before her eldest child was sixteen, and saw none of her family settled in life. England would probably have seen little or nothing of any Battenbergs had not the death of the Grand Duchess Alice obliged Queen Victoria to take special interest in the motherless grandchildren at Darmstadt and their German relations, with the result that this morganatic branch of the Hessian line obtained her Majesty's favorable notice and a good place in her match-making books.

The Second—When your first wife was dying you promised her you never would drink again. He—Yes, I know; but when I told her that I thought I was going to die, too.—Boston "Transcript."

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—NO DRESS—  
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The success obtained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince. To be had at all hotels and saloons.

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### Curious Bits of News.

According to records of lynchings, as preserved by the Chicago "Tribune" for seventeen years, there are but four States—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Utah—in which mob vengeance has not prevailed. The South has furnished four-fifths of the recorded lynchings, having executed 2,080 out of the 2,516 illegally killed. Of the total, 1,673 were negroes.

Attention has frequently been called to the fact that in the field of music there has been no truly great woman composer. When, a few months ago, a music-drama by Miss Ethel M. Smyth was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the event was sufficiently unusual to arouse interest apart from the quality of the opera itself. The only woman who has succeeded to any notable degree in operatic composition is Ingeborg von Bronsart, who recently celebrated in Germany her fiftieth artistic jubilee. One of her operas has been produced in fourteen theaters, another in five.

"An effective design to prevent horses running away has been patented by a Nebraskan," says the "American Inventor." "With this device the driver or rider has only to pull a cord lying parallel to the reins and a bellows-like curtain is drawn over both eyes to shut out the sight completely. In this condition the animal can only stand and tremble until the object causing the fright has passed, when the curtain is lifted by releasing the cord and the horse travels on as before. The curtain is housed in a small semi-circular leather casing just above the eyes and the operating cords are inserted in the bit-rings before passing back with the reins."

The using of electric light in bath-rooms, either public or private, so it is asserted by an English engineer, is dangerous in many cases. Writing to the "Government Gazette," he says that "the electric light switches most usually employed have brass covers and brass knobs, and it is quite possible that this metal work may be in unsuspected contact with the electric supply wires. In such a case a person standing on a dry wooden floor, and using the switch, would not notice any defect, but anyone in the act of taking a bath, or standing with bare feet on a wet or metallic floor, and attempting to turn on the light, would receive a very severe shock which would probably prove fatal even at the comparatively low pressure of 220 volts."

M. Santos-Dumont's experiments in aerial navigation in Paris during the past fifteen days have attracted public attention. A Paris correspondent to "Nature" (London) says: "M. Dumont was seen flying over the Longchamps Hippodrome when the race was actually going on; at another time he went to his private residence in the Champs Elysees, left his balloon to the care of his assistants, who had followed his aerial track in an automobile, took his customary breakfast, and returned to the balloon-shed near Puteaux Gate, in the Bois de Boulogne. On another occasion he sailed from the Puteaux Gate to Bagatelle, where he landed during a parade. But the area of his promenade is very limited, and sometimes the balloon has to be carried by hand for a part of the way; so it is not possible to say if M. Santos-Dumont has really improved his speed and stability." The daily press of July 14 announces that M. Dumont appeared above the Longchamps race course during the fetes of that day and saluted President Loubet by blowing his whistle and by a salvo of revolver shots.



IN "The Valkyries" (Unwin's Colonial Library), Mr. E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," has essayed the peaks of poetic romance with no mean success. The narrative follows as closely as possible the libretto of Wagner's well-known opera of the same name. But Mr. Benson has passed the grim old Norse legend through the prism of his own imagination, and has turned out not only a high order of English prose, replete with poetic imagery the most striking and beautiful, but a story of sustained and compelling interest and tensely dramatic at every turn. There is a wondrous directness and simplicity about all the old Norse and German mythology. Woden and Walhalla still have power to stir the one drop of Saxon or Danish blood in the veins of the modern Englishman. The story of the Valkyries in its newest dress will be read with absorption by many not previously familiar therewith.

The late William Ernest Henley was not only a writer himself, but the cause of writing in others. It is probable, indeed, that if he is remembered at all it will be as a journalist with a faculty for "encouraging" young men, and as the writer who had more imitators than anyone else of his time, with the exception of Stevenson. There used to be a Henley cult, and there are still belated enthusiasts who will tell you, with soulful solemnity, that the lines in which he trumpeted forth his steadfast resolution to control his own destiny are forged of the pure gold of poetry and philosophy. But the cult as a cult no longer exists. It fell into disrepute when readers began to realize that Mr. Henley's too vigorous way of writing had raised up a school of literary bad manners and bumptiousness. "When he wished to make a point he drove it in with a sledge hammer," says the New York "Tribune." "When he dissented from another writer, he smote him with a flail." He was so fearful that people might think him afraid of calling a spade a spade that he sometimes allowed candor to outrun discretion. Some of his verse is cleverly written, and so is some of his prose. He was at his best in the old days of his editorship of the "Scotts' Observer," before his mannerisms had taken possession of him, and when his disciples were more eager to do good work than to achieve "effects." He wrote some unusually good notes, too, for the first volume, published in 1897, of a new edition of Byron. He was putting the second volume to press



"Poor soul, 'e do look lonely all by 'isself! Ain't you glad you've got us with you, 'Enry?'—'Punch.'"

at the time of his death. Latterly he wrote like a scold, and with grotesque affectation, his only creditable production in recent years having been a raucous, but, on the whole, sound protest against the flood of twaddle in which foolish admirers had been whelming his old friend Stevenson.

"In Double Harness" is the title of Anthony Hope's new novel, a society story which will come out next spring.

Especially attractive for midsummer reading is the number of the "Living Age" for August 1. Opening with an article from the "Edinburgh Review" on "The Supernatural in Nineteenth Century Fiction," and following that with the instalment of "The Oberles" in which M. Bazin's fascinating story draws towards its climax, it contains also some delightful letters of Charles Dickens, just published in "Chambers's Journal," and a clever short story from the "Cornhill Magazine," called "His Excellency's Aigrette."

The anonymous "Reminiscences of an Interviewer" in the "Reader" for August treat of Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanor Duse, and a new and intimate impression is given of these two famous women. "Italy is the land where every poet goes for the inspiration of his life, and whence people come to dig our sewers," says Mr. Bernard G. Richards in his "Countries I Have Never Seen," and this opening paragraph is an indication of the paradoxical spirit of the whole article. One of the strongest features of the varied contents of this number is "Letters from Editors to a Literary Aspirant," in which the writer points out, with the help of quotations from letters in his possession, the great help and encouragement that was offered to him, an unknown "literary aspirant," by well-known editors. "The Fortunes of Fifi," by Molly Elliot Seawell, is continued with a sixteen page instalment.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes")



Mrs. Tupman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells how she was cured.

"For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief. "I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 95 pounds. Now I weigh 109½ pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received."—Mrs. E. C. TUPMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, it is justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick.

Mrs. E. C. TUPMAN, whose address is Lyran, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

went to the recent Durbur festivities as the guest of Lord and Lady Curzon, and she has recorded her impressions of the pageant in a little book which will soon be published, "Imperial India: Letters from the East."

Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City or Ocean City, N. J.

Low Rate Fifteen Day Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On August 4, 18 and 25, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run special excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City and Ocean City, N. J., at rate of \$10 from Lewiston, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Lockport. Tickets will be good going on regular trains leaving Buffalo at 9 a.m., carrying through Pullman parlor cars to Philadelphia, and 8:30 p.m., carrying through sleeping cars to Philadelphia. Returning, tickets will be good on all regular trains, except limited express trains, leaving the seashore and Philadelphia within fifteen days.

Atlantic City passengers may use trains leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, via Delaware River Bridge Route, avoiding transfer. Passengers for other seashore points named will use trains leaving Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia. Tickets will be good from Philadelphia to the seashore on days following dates of excursions.

A stop over of ten days will be allowed at Philadelphia on going trip if passengers deposit their tickets with the ticket agent at Broad Street Station immediately on arrival. Stop over within limit is also allowed on return trip.

For tickets and further information apply to ticket agents of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, or B. P. Fraser, passenger agent, Buffalo District, Pennsylvania Railroad, 307 Main Street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo.

### Reduced Rates for Civic Holiday.

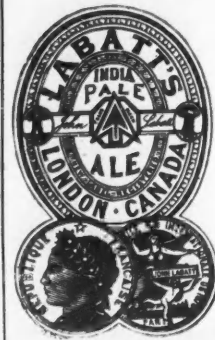
The fast and up-to-date service via Grand Trunk is unexcelled for a holiday trip. Tickets will be issued at single first fare for the round trip from Toronto to stations in Canada, Montreal and west, also to Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Port Huron, Detroit, Mich., also to points on Muskoka Lakes. Good going p.m. trains Saturday, August 1, all trains August 2 and 3, valid for return until August 4. There will be a special boat service on Muskoka Lakes for Civic Holiday. Night Express leaving Toronto 12:05 a.m. Sunday, August 2, will make direct connection at Muskoka Wharf with steamer for points on Muskoka Lakes, including Beaufort, Bala, Port Carling, Windermere, Port Sandfield, Royal Muskoka, Rosseau, Maplehurst, and points on Lake Joseph. On Monday, August 3, special steamer will leave Royal Muskoka Hotel at 11:30 p.m. (connection can be made with this steamer from other points on lakes), making direct connection at Muskoka Wharf with Grand Trunk Express, arriving Toronto 7 a.m. For tickets, information and descriptive literature of summer resorts in Highlands of Ontario apply to Grand Trunk city ticket office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

### How to Wear the "Mitten."

WHAT course a man should pursue when his offer of marriage has been rejected entirely depends upon circumstances. In the first place, if he is perfectly certain that she is the one and only woman in the world for him, he must weigh her rejection very carefully, and find out for himself whether or not her "No" may not mean "Yes" after all. Many rejected suitors, forgetting that a woman's negative is only an affirmative under another name, have taken their answer as final and departed, vowing perpetual celibacy or seeking for some other young lady to propose to.

On the other hand, a man may entirely spoil any future chances of success which he might have had by trying his fate again on the supposition that she did not mean what she said. If he had given her time she might have realized what she was throwing so lightly away, and have eventually reconsidered her decision.

Some men fail to grasp the sense of rejection at all, and by sheer persistence they win in the long run. There is good reason to doubt whether this class of man will be the happiest after marriage.



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It is not love that has induced the acceptance, but only the desire to be free from an annoyance that had become wearisome.

It used to be the fashion for a man to blow his brains out when his proposal met with a rejection, but that went out with powder and patches. The modern lover, as a rule, walks away, and ends by marrying someone else, forgetting all about his first love.

Perhaps this may be the better plan, for if his proposal has been made in the heat of the moment a calm reflection which comes with rejection shows him how much more miserable he would have been in the future if her "No" had been "Yes" instead.

But a man who is really in love will do well to propose once more after a rejection. A woman very often does not realize the value of love till she has lost it. And if she sees that the man she has rejected seems able to exist without her she may fall in love with him from sheer perversity.

There are plenty of ideal marriages to be seen on all sides which have begun with "No" and ended with "Yes." And both the husband and wife will not fail to tell you that they are very glad it all ended as it did.

But this was only in cases where the man was perfectly certain that she was the one woman in the whole world for him, and that without her life would not have been worth living; and that he ignored her "No" because he was so certain of this.

If he was not sure of this he had better have taken her "No" as final, and rejoiced all the days of his life that she said it.

### King Baby.

By Laurence Alma-Tadema.

King Baby on his throne  
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!  
King Baby on his throne  
Sits reigning all alone.

His throne is Mother's knee,  
So tender O, so tender O!  
His throne is Mother's knee,  
Where none may sit but he.

His crown it is of gold,  
So curly O, so curly O!  
His crown it is of gold,  
In shining tendrils rolled.

His kingdom is my heart,  
So loyal O, so loyal O!  
His kingdom is my heart,  
His own in every part.

Divine are all his laws,  
So simple O, so simple O!  
Divine are all his laws,  
With love for end and cause.

King Baby on his throne  
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!  
King Baby on his throne  
Sits reigning all alone.

### Haying Parties Again the Mode.

WITH the fashions in dress of our grandmothers their mode of entertainment is coming in again, says an English exchange. Once more the hay-party, erstwhile called the "hay junketing," by reason of the "junket" partaken of during the festivity, has become the order of the afternoon in country places, and even pleasure-jaded Londoners find it restful and pleasant to sit on a haycock. There has always lingered an aroma of romance over hay-making. It suggests honeysuckle and wild roses, and such Arcadian lovers as Chloe and Strephon, Phyllis and Labin, and carries us back in thought to the days when Marie Antoinette and her ladies played at being les belles fermieres, and lovely Lady Sarah Lennox nearly gained a crown by winning the heart of George III. while tossing hay in the meadows of Holland House.

The hay-party of to-day is much like the ordinary garden-party, with a little gentle hay-tossing thrown in. Tea is served in the park or meadow, and haycocks serve as seats and tables. A cow-Jersey for choice—well groomed, and wearing a wreath of flowers, may be tethered handy, so that those who like it may drink warm milk and enjoy syllabub.

In the days when the King, as Prince of Wales, used to accept the loan of Sir Alan Mackenzie's house near Ascot for

## ORIEL

A new patent kid lace slipper, (American,) dull kid top, perforated down the front, silk worked eyelets, black beads around perforation, medium French heel.

A beautiful slipper for street or evening wear.

See them! You'll think them reasonable at.....\$4.00

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your fine costume may become soiled or stained. Send it to us. We clean or dye it. We handle dainty lace gently.

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to arrange your little surprise parties. Our fish meals are celebrated wherever known. Other dainty luncheons as well. The finest place for summer parties.

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are graceful, handsome, stylish shoes, that have captured the custom of well-dressed women who know a perfect shoe when they see it.

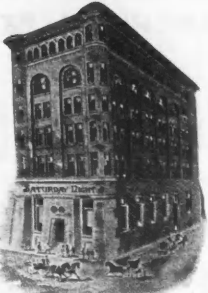
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**H. & C. BLACHFORD**  
114 YONGE STREET

the race week, a meadow was always left unowned so that the princesses might enjoy the cutting, and subsequent hay-making, and the rick made from it used to be called "The Princesses' Rick."

### Nowadays.

"Is my hat on straight?" the women-folks long years ago would say. But nowadays the men they ask quite gruff. Before they leave their families in the morning, night or day. "Is my panama knocked out of shape enough?"—Judge.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 16 TORONTO, CANADA, AUG. 1, 1903. No. 38



**P**UBLIC interest in rowing in this country will be put to the test next Friday and Saturday, upon the occasion of the first Royal Canadian Henley Regatta, which will be held on the new permanent course of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen on a small lake formed by an expansion of the waters of the old Welland Canal between St. Catharines and Port Dalhousie. Everything points to the success of the undertaking, and it will be a great surprise to all those interested if the regatta does not turn out to be one of the most brilliant events of the kind ever held in the Dominion. The gentlemen who have devoted so much of their time and attention simply for the love of the sport, will consider themselves amply repaid if the affair comes up to expectations. The entry list published this week indicates that the racing will be of the very best. Considerable satisfaction was expressed when it became definitely known that C. S. Titus, the champion single sculler of America, had not declined the issue. Titus assured the C.A.A.O. officials that he would be a sure starter in the senior singles at the Canadian Henley, as he had an old score to settle with Lou Scholes, the Toronto club representative. Nothing was heard from Titus himself in regard to his entry until Wednesday, when a wire was received from New York saying that his entry had been sent by mail. In the meantime, it was announced in New York by the "Herald" that Titus would not come to Canada and the champion therefore came in for a lot of unnecessary criticism.

Last year Scholes went to New York and beat Titus on his own water, and the New Yorker is evidently anxious to retrieve his lost laurels on a neutral course such as would be found at St. Catharines. Titus claims to be rowing several seconds faster this summer, and the "Herald" remarks with much assurance that "there is no one in sight who can defeat him this year, barring accidents and F. Vessely and Scholes are about the only men who can make him perspire in a race." Vessely will likely be a contestant at St. Kitts as well as F. Fuessel, his rowing partner from New York. The former is a most promising sculler, and the Toronto oarsmen who saw him perform so admirably at Philadelphia at the Fourth of July regatta against Titus predict for him a brilliant future. New Yorkers look for Vessely to beat Scholes at St. Catharines just as he did last year on the Harlem River, when he was a comparatively unknown sculler.

It seems incongruous to talk about Rugby football in the dog days, but the issuance of the official guide of the Ontario Rugby Union this week compels mention of the subject. In this province we are to have a brand new article of football this coming autumn, as the rules formulated last winter will come into effect for the first time. Under the new regulations it is expected that the earliest traditions of Rugby football will be restored—that it will be a kick and run and passing game almost exclusively. The days of the venerable scrum, the mauling, sprawling pile of humanity with the ball concealed from the spectators' gaze three-fourths of the time, are gone forever, so 'tis said, for which measure of relief we of the side lines must rise up and give thanks.

Because of the manner in which the clubs are taking up the game at such an early date—and already clubs in different sections of the country are hard at work practicing the new rules—it is expected that this fine autumn sport will witness the greatest boom in its history. The beauty of it all is that no club will have an advantage; all will have equal opportunities to become proficient in the new style of play, and starting from that basis it will be no matter of wonderment if the game should enjoy an exceptional vogue.

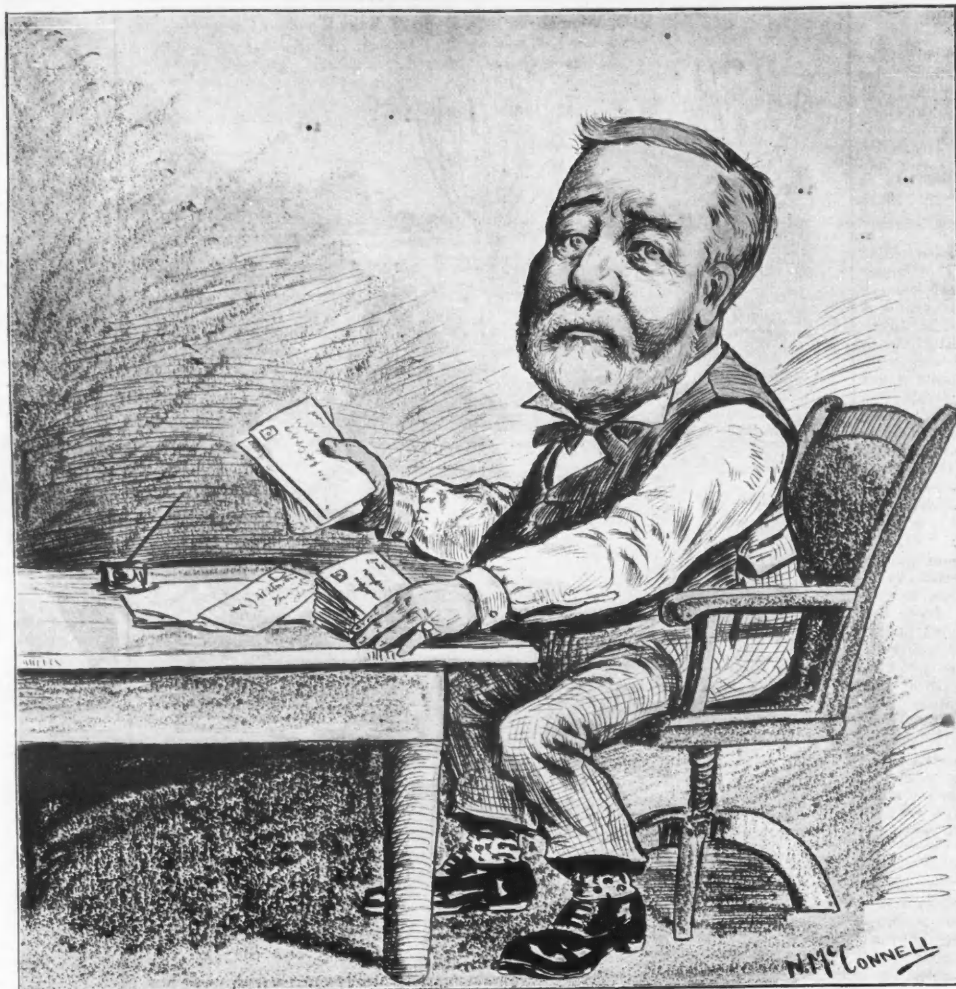
The fact that only twelve players are now required for a team will prove a benefit in the small towns, where sometimes it was a difficult matter to secure fifteen men to play. The abolition of the scrimmage will do away with the necessity of hunting up a trio of human giants to enable a team to have a ghost of a chance to win, as in the days gone by. Weight and brute strength have been sacrificed in favor of speed and skill. The 130-pounder who can run and kick and handle the ball will be the man selected, while the 200 and 250-pounders will retire to the obscurity of the clubhouse.

Much more meritorious in every conceivable manner will be the game with the introduction of the snap-back system. The chief merit from a spectator's viewpoint—and after all that is the main consideration—is that the ball will always be in sight and not constantly hidden from view under a sprawling mass of players. The exhibition given in Toronto last fall were convincing in this respect, and those who have been seeking for years for "an open game" believe that the new rules will fill the bill to a nicety.

In the selection of the all-Ontario eleven to meet Quebec in the inter-provincial cricket match at Ottawa on the 14th and 15th inst. the committee picked out about the best fielding team they could gather within the confines of the province. This came somewhat in the nature of a surprise and probably was a concession to the frequent criticism we hear in Canada in regard to the inefficiency of many cricketers in the line of fielding. The team looks a bit weak in bowling, but the men who will be depended upon to do the bulk of the work are what are known as "heavy players" and they may do better than their critics are willing to concede. The mantle of captain has fallen upon Mr. J. L. Counsell of Hamilton, a man whom no more ardent nor able all-round sportsman exists in Canada today. It is worthy of note that at least five members of the team excel in other branches of sport. Mr. Lyon is one of our very best golfers, Mr. Hynes a star hockey player, and Messrs. Counsell, Mackenzie and Baldwin brilliant Rugbyists, the three last-named having at different times played center half-back for the Toronto University team.

A combined golf team from Oxford and Cambridge Universities will play at Montreal and Toronto about the first of September, besides covering a very elaborate schedule of games in the United States. The golfers will be better players than the lacrosseists from the English universities who are this week concluding a visit to Canada, and their appearance here will be noted with a considerable degree of interest. The game in this city will be played on the links of the Toronto Golf Club.

There will be several innovations at the Canadian Henley.



Hon. J. R. Stratton—Strange I haven't received a bid to the Gamey banquet. I invited him to mine.

All the races will be straightaway for the full Henley distance, viz., 1 mile, 550 yards. During the past few years it has been customary for the C.A.A.O. to have all the events but the one for eight-oared crews rowed with a turn. The straightaway course will make each contest a pure test of speed, as the turn has been known to bother many oarsmen in the past who were unable to get around the buoy without a great waste of time.

The new grand stand, situated on the old tow-path, was completed this week. It affords a perfect view of the course from end to end. The finish is directly in front of the stand and the contestants will be in sight of the spectators all the way. The trolley company will run observation cars, as the railway companies do for the college races on the Hudson River, while the beautifully wooded banks of the lake furnish an ample view of the entire course. CORINTHIAN.

### Lawn Bowling.

**T**HE tournament at London of the Western Ontario Bowling Association was concluded on Saturday, the 25th ult. The meeting was a great success in numbers, as in quality of both bowling and prizes, and had it not been for the dismal weather on the opening days, might be classed as the best tournament held this year. The Clinton club did very remarkable work, winning the Labatt trophy, with Galt as runners up, the Association match, the doubles, and being in the finals in the special singles. Toronto was only in evidence in being runners up in the consolation, through Wynn's rink of the Victorias. The singles went to H. Fincham of London, who defeated Reid of Ridgeway by 3 shots and Elliott of Mitchell won the special singles.

The lawn bowling craze has largely developed this season and summer visitors at Lorne Park, Grimsby Park and Jackson's Point have entered into the spirit of the game with much avidity; in fact, the fairer sex are emulating their "superiors" in the formation of clubs and the players vote it far ahead of golf.

In the friendly matches played, the Granites easily defeated the Hamilton Thistles on the latter's lawn by 18 shots in a four-rink game. Prospect Park played a close game with the R.C.Y.C., winning by only 3. Kew Beach administered a crushing defeat to St. Matthew's and were themselves losers to four rinks of the Victoria club on their own ground. A peculiar game was played on the Caer-Howell ground between that club and the Toronto Thistles, when, by the remarkable play of Boyd's rink, being 28 up against Dr. Elliott, the Thistles won by 5 shots.

City and country bowlers are now looking forward to the concluding tournament of the too-short season, to be held at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, commencing August 10th next. Valuable prizes will be given, and as this meet-

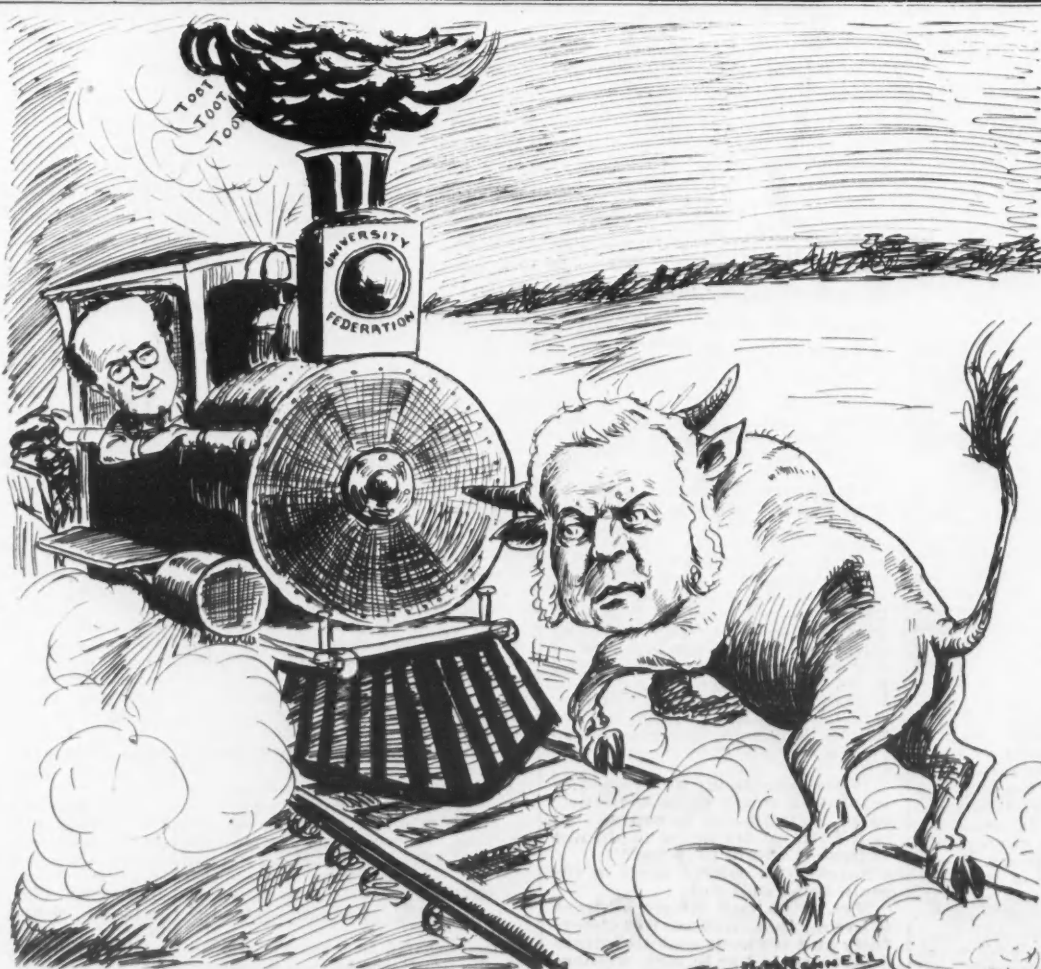
ing is a favorite one with the bowlers, a record attendance is assured. In addition to Montreal, it is understood some clubs from the other side of the line will compete. LUNA.

### The Floor-Walker.

**"W**ELL, wait till I tell you! What d'ye think that fresh floor-walker did this mornin'? Tried to call me down for gettin' in five minutes late an' 'me stayin' here till ha'-past nine las' night arrangin' stock! Wouldn't that put you out? Well, I should say! What that fellow needs is a good hard-boiled talk from some friend that'll tell him where he gets off an' let him know he ain't the whole furniture store because he's a swell dresser. He's got it comin' to him an' he'll get it good an' hard, too, one of these days, you mark me. Well, I should say!"

"You know, las' night Mr. Wilkinson says to me, 'Can you stay late to-night an' help on the stock?' an' I says, 'Sure, if there's anything in it,' an' he says, 'You know what's in it—supper money,' an' I laughed an' says, 'Sure I do, I ought to—I done it often enough.' Oh, he's awful nice when you get to know him. Lots of the girls always knockin' him, but they don't know him. That's all there is to it, they don't know him. He's perfectly elegant. Well, three of us stayed to fix stock—me an' Grace an' Helen an' Mr. Wilkinson—an' when we got through about ha'-past nine he says: 'Where do you girls want to go to feed your faces?' Oh, he's perfectly comical sometimes, when you get to know him, honest!"

"Well, we didn't know what to say, you know, so I says, 'Any place that's agreeable to you will be satisfactory,' just like that. He kind o' looked at me an' he says, 'Well, you're pretty wise at that, Little Bright Eyes. You know I ain't going up against no lunch counter, don't you?' What do you think of that? Honest, they all laughed—I thought they'd die! Well, he took us over to a swell place an' told us to order anything we wanted on the bill. Oh, it was perfectly elegant—chicken salad an' everything! Honest, I was ashamed of myself the way I let. An' then Mr. Wilkinson says: 'I suppose you girls are all there with the car-fare to go home?' What do you think of that? Oh, he just thinks of everything. He's perfectly elegant when you know him outside the store. So we all went home, an' I guess he had a date at some swell club or something, because he told us good-night and walked over toward Michigan. An' the nerve of Mr. Rubberneck tryin' to call me down because I rung up five minutes late this mornin'! I just says, 'Mr. Wilkinson will tell you that I was down here pretty near all night, fixin' stock, an' I guess I'm entitled to some credit for that,' an' I passed him up. I can see him layin' quiet now, since he knows that Mr. Wilkinson knows me. Well, I should say."—Chicago "Daily News."



DR. LANGTRY ON THE RAMPAGE.

Provost Street-Macklem (at the throttle)—This bull's courage is magnificent, but I can't say I admire his judgment.

### "No Tramps in Ontario."

**N**O "Foxy Quiller" of the stage could succeed in being more preposterous than real detectives sometimes appear.

When the up-to-date detector of crime is conscious of egregious failure in the solution of some gory mystery on which public interest and expectancy have centered, his pose is almost invariably that of a man who is infinitely wiser than he looks. He moves about with an air of mystery and lets oracular expressions fall from his lips, and occasionally leak into the newspaper offices. He conveys with subtlety the notion that he is not baffled, but only thinking hard—that, in fact, he has clues to burn and will spring a sensational arrest on a startled but thankful community when the precise instant for favorable action arrives.

This assumption by certain detectives of superhuman wisdom and penetration is a pose that is getting played out, however. The people are commencing to see through the game, because, more frequently than not, the crime that begins in mystery ends in mystery just as deep, and the record of unpunished murders and outrages in nearly every county is appalling when one examines it.

Another and more clever play of the baffled detective is to try to divert public attention to some new sensation, when a particular mystery has refused to be solved. No detective will ever admit himself beaten or at loss for a clue. When people are apt to form their own conclusions in that direction, it is not a difficult matter to shift the course of discussion into a new channel if the detective is up to his business. A newspaper interview in which emphasis is laid on some single striking phase of criminal experience often suffices.

One of our Ontario detectives has risen up from his place this week to announce how successful the campaign of the last four years against tramps has been in this province. "The fight has been a hard one, but by dint of perseverance and hard work," declares this sleuth of the law, "the country has at length been freed altogether, not only from idle vagabonds, but from the most dangerous class of criminals."

Really, this is welcome information! Yet it seems odd that during the present summer several of the most atrocious crimes on record in Ontario have been committed by these very tramps, who have been driven, according to the detective, from the confines of the province, and have betaken themselves to more hospitable scenes.

This detective says he has traveled with four men over two thousand miles on the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways this year, and "not a tramp was to be found." But it is only a week since a G.T.R. engineer stopped his train in order to rescue a young woman from the hands of a couple of frowsy hoboes who were attempting an outrage. And a day or two later a train in Northern Ontario was held up by tramps and the train crew had to fight to regain possession of the engine.

It is nonsensical for anyone to assert that Ontario is free from tramps; such a statement can only be valued as a "bluff." There may be fewer tramps in Ontario than formerly, because there are better times, and only the genuine "hobo" (a combination of criminal and soldier of fortune) is now on the road. The best proof that there are lots of tramps in Ontario, even if they are not to be found on the railway tracks, is the number of crimes committed by them and the fact that the county jails every winter would be practically without inmates (as they are in the summer) were it not for the vagrant class.

The right way to deal with the tramp nuisance is not to send out detectives along the railways, nor to shoot hoboes on sight, as Colonel Sam Hughes proposes, but to change the law so that local magistrates will not be able to comply with the requests of these gentry for short terms in jail in the winter months, thus affording them shelter and food at the public expense during the only portion of the year when they would perish on the roads. The vagrancy law as it stands is an encouragement to tramps. The rural jail, where they cannot be usefully employed, is no place for them. All tramps arrested, whether in winter or summer, should be sentenced for long terms and set at the hardest kind of employment on some useful public work. LANCE.

### The Ivy's Strength.

**T**HE crumbling walls and broken foundations of the grim old castle were mantled by the dark, glossy leaves of the ivy, which had clung round it faithfully through weather fair and foul, unswerving in its allegiance to the fine and romantic ruin, that had in centuries gone by held mirth and revelry, and love and war, ay, intrigue oftentimes also, within its massive walls. Now, all the actors in those plays of old had vanished but the ivy, in rich abundance, grew more beautiful and vigorous as the years slipped away, throwing its tendrils lovingly here, there, and everywhere, and framing the gaping windows with a beauty beyond the scope of art.

The pretty little Daisy, with its pink-tipped petals, had made its appearance quite suddenly one fine summer morning at the foot of a mighty elm. It lifted up its bright face to the sun, looking about with a self-satisfied air, and holding itself very erect, for it seemed quite confident of its attractions. The wind was softly rustling the leaves on the ruined castle walls, so that they kept bowing and bobbing their heads to the little flowerer below them, near by.

"Good morning," she cried, "I am a new neighbor of yours. This world seems quite nice. I hope I shall be amused and happy in it."

"Indeed it is a beautiful world," assented the Ivy. "As to being amused—well, I am always so busy climbing upwards, so engrossed in guarding this ruin, that I care not for amusement. You see, these walls are weak and feeble from old age. It gives me pleasure to shield and guard them from the buffetings of winter's storms. I am hardy—it is the duty of the strong to protect and cherish the frail."

The Daisy laughed lightly. "Oh," said she. "I'd rather look pretty and enjoy myself than bother about duty. One has oneself to think of, you know. Of course I am young. I grew up so quickly—almost in a night. How long have you lived?"

"Longer, almost, than I can remember," answered the Ivy. "Good gracious! And yet you are not to be compared to me in personal appearance," lisped the little stranger, looking pertly up into the dark, glossy leaves above her, who softly replied:

"Indeed you are most dainty—you have such lovely coloring! These attractions catch the eye, but many people esteem me very highly, old and staid as I am. I think I appeal to the heart, for I must recall memories both gay and sad. I've seen many noble families die out, and still I live and flourish and remember."

And yet again the Daisy made reply impatiently: "Dear me! What does all that sentimental rubbish matter—about duty and protecting the weak, and throwing out fresh roots to embellish old walls—and—ancient lineage that you seem so proud of? It doesn't interest me! I'll have my day, and enjoy myself, without bothering about others."

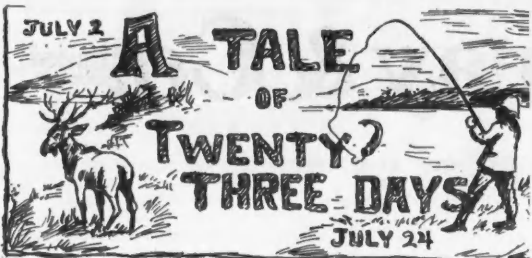
But in the night time, a cold, unseasonable wind sprang up and the morning was bleak and sunless. The little pink-petaled Daisy's head was drooping dejectedly. She looked crushed—her beauty faded—and a laborer passing by placed his foot on her and then went on his way, not knowing even that he had bruised the life out of the poor little plant, whose voice was heard no more.

But the Ivy, who was not vain, and had kind thoughts for those around, only looked all the sturdier and fresher—ay, more beautiful and enduring—when the storm had passed. JETNA.

### Wasted Economy.

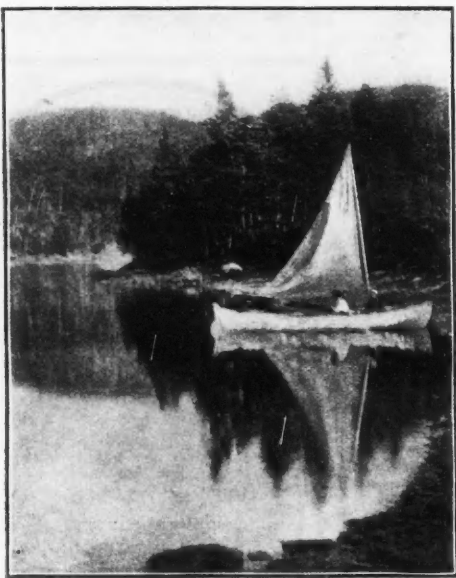
**A**MAN was stranded in Norway with only enough money in his pocket to pay his passage back to England. He thought the matter over and came to the conclusion that he would buy the ticket, and as the sea trip only lasted a couple of days he would go without food that length of time. He realized that if he remained in Norway and spent his money he would never be able to get back home. So he went on board the steamer and bought his ticket. He closed his ears to the sound of the lunch bell, and when dinner time came and a fellow passenger asked him to accompany him to the dining-room he politely declined on the ground that he never ate at sea. The next morning he skipped breakfast by sleeping late, and at lunch time he kept to his room. By dinner time at night, however, he was so hungry that he could have eaten a pair of shoes. "I am going to eat," he said, "even if I am thrown overboard afterwards. I might as well be drowned as starved to death." At the dinner-table he ate everything in sight. Then he braced himself for the explosion. "Bring me the bill," he said to the steward. "The bill!" queried the steward. "Yes," said the man. "There isn't any bill," was the reply. "On this ship meals go with the passage ticket."





**L**OUNGING on the deck of an incoming steamer one day last October, I saw a pretty little picture rising from the sea. A grey rock, a touch of verdure patching it with green; a snowy little huddle of buildings white as milk; a froth of foam at the foot of the rock, and all very bright and distinct in a fair autumn sunlight. Then said I, as the fog closed in about the picture, "That's not all I want to see of Newfoundland. Next summer I'll see more." So one melting day some weeks ago the trunk and I set out on our way to a new land, jeeringly sped on the journey by a wish that we might speedily repent, not in sackcloth and ashes, but in fog and codfish. I mention the trunk first, because it's an unusual sort of trunk, one of its idiosyncrasies being a tendency to get off the train at unseemly hours and places, as if it had special "lie-over" privileges, and then continue the journey at its leisure, following me persistently, but rarely catching up. I say it gets off the train itself, because I have the earnest assurance of a truthful galaxy of baggage men that they didn't put it off regardless of checks and directions; in fact, they are apt to cast aspersions on my veracity until I show them my duplicate check, when they simply shake and sometimes scratch their heads and are dumb. So, having started along, with the trunk, en route for Newfoundland, I was not surprised, at the very first junction, upon glancing over the baggage, to discover that the trunk was "non est." A remark to that effect to the baggage-master made him reply indifferently, "Oh, it will be along later," as if he either was in the confidence of the trunk (as deep as experience had landed me) or simply did not realize what "later" might mean at 6 p.m. with no train arriving before next morning. Of course to-morrow and two "chasers" sent out along the line discovered the trunk at some intermediate station, where it had doubtless alighted to view the country or finish a chat with some handbag, or telescope, and been "left." At half-past ten next day it turned up at my door as bold as brass and with a scar behind which it exhibited in a sort of righteous wrath against my want of supervision. I am hoping it fell off the train, anyway! There was a ball, to which, had I trusted in my trunk, I should not have been able to go, but happily my ball togs were otherwise forwarded, and I was immensely crowing over my foresight until on returning to the hotel at two o'clock in the morning I realized that a traveling costume or a lace ball dress was not the proper garb for repose.

One cannot really "globe-trot" if one goes to Newfoundland. It is a dignified land, and huddle disturbeth it not.



Witchery of Wood and Water.

Once a day the train crosses the island and unfolds the panorama of its charms. Frankly, I may as well say at the beginning that I am a bit "dotty" over it. It has for me an attraction that neither cod nor fog can weaken—no, nor whales, nor hard climbs, nor the inevitable insularity of its inhabitants. I have found a land which I respect and admire and which fills me with interest. One does not realize that it is foreign to Canada, even though one knows the fact, until, on emerging from the dapper and graceful "Bruce" which bears one across the six hours' sail from Cape Breton to Newfoundland, one is confronted by "Customs," and has one's trunk opened and very daintily overhauled. You may be sure the trunk was on hand promptly this time, having taken a notion, indeed, to precede me to Cape Breton as a set-off to loitering in Ontario. I saw one seizure, a small flask of brandy carried by a United States "trust" magnate, on which he paid duty in a sort of amazement, and talked about it all day long afterwards. The trans-insular railroad is a narrow-gauge one, with a very comfortable Pullman and a porter who should be decorated with some sort of order of the Blessed. I've never met a more pleasant, obliging and thoughtful specimen "night of the road." I may, however, mention that the catering and serving were not up to much, because I know that ere this a pretty and dainty dining-car which is the first car entirely built in Newfoundland from trucks to trimmings is in service. I saw it just being finished a week later, at Whitbourne Junction, where the car shops now are, and found a Toronto master-carpenter over the staff of busy workmen. I was impelled to look the car over, because I made a row over the poor buffet service, and wanted to be quite sure it would be better immediately. If you make a row in Newfoundland you are taken seriously, and the wrong is righted as soon as may be. Toronto may sit at the feet of St. John's in this particular, though I heard a faint rumbling the other day about a bridge over the tracks at Yonge street being actually a possibility.

How shall I begin to tell you of that trip across the island, where every kind of scenery is spread before you but the flat and unimpressive? With the porter's step for a seat and the back platform of the Pullman for a dais, I spent the sweet long day gazing, chatting, dreaming, letting the strength and the glory of the land fill my soul. I shall not bore you with the metres and bounds of our trip, as we swept past the lakes, the evergreen forests, halting now and then for a stray passenger, for water, to let off a party loaded with fishing tackle and anticipations. Men in sporty clothes, women in knowing garments. I can see yet the graceful young Southerner in her tanned, soft coat of deerskin with its cute little pockets and mysterious places for "flies," and her winsome laugh as she tripped down the road after her men-folk, followed by "good luck and a twenty pounder" from us all. She caught a big fish, too, as I heard later on, and landed it with wild gurgles of excitement. Little River, very near our start from Port-aux-Basques, coaxed one of our party away and Great Codroy, over which we whirled all too swiftly, gave us a jolly substitute. There was a party bound for Robinson's, who went there in spite of warnings that the water in the streams was unusually low and that they had better go on. They looked like obstinate folk who would return crossly to the place whence they came and say Newfoundland is over-rated if they didn't catch twenty-pound salmon in half dried up streams. Two fascinating inns are in the west country, and are called the "log cabins," being built in log cabin style, but run at town prices and with every comfort and excellent table. I met a jolly party of six who had been at "Log Cabin" for six weeks and were very loth to leave for home. A couple of ladies were of this group. They were recent fishers and looked the very picture of health. Bay St. George butts into the island on the west coast, and the railway skirts it up to Stephenville, but one of the charms of

this trip is that one is continually coming on stretches, scraps, threads and torrents of water, each beautiful in its own way and no two alike. Bay of Islands is a favorite place, but give me the Humber, of all the good places I saw! The photographers have evidently agreed with me, for I notice there are three pictures of this magnificent stream to one of other rivers and lakes. We had a coincident experience at one point of this stream which converted many a doubtful fisherman. A purchaser of fish from the United States was telling us how he had caught a big fish at a certain point a fortnight before, which he had left to be dried and smoked and handed in on this trip. "I caught it just where that man is fishing," he



"I caught it just where that man is fishing."

said, as we passed a promising pool, and the click of half a dozen cameras punctuated his remark, though doubtful smiles were also plentiful. When we slowed up at the station a boy came peering in with a queer flat birch-bark parcel. "The fish," cried all the group, and so it was, sewn up in a toga of birch-bark, with the big tail poking out at one end. Whereupon the fish buyer took upon himself a value considerable and the old fishers and young fry clustered round to hear his words of wisdom, and snap the fish in the birch-bark with their ubiquitous cameras. When the shadows grew longer, and the sun went to bed, we entered the burned forests, where tall, ghostly, grey trees, burned some years back and bleached and bare with their skeleton trunks set deep in a rich new undergrowth, stood mournfully in thousands holding gaunt, grey arms up to the skies, solemn, touching unreal looking, as the great full moon rose and flooded the desolate scene, and I fell asleep under the saddening spell of those dead trees. Just before I rose to seek my berth, cramped and happy, and guarding my "step" for to-morrow's use, a son of the soil pointed across the bare forest and said, "See those caribou?" And there, stealing away, grey and ghostly, amid the spectral trunks, were shapes that faded into the night. We whirled past a round, still, baby lake. "That is a place the deer like," remarked the son of the soil. "They are most of them gone north to the peninsula, but you see some here always." And that night in my dreams I saw them, always the grey shapes stealing away into the dusk, the caribou of Newfoundland!

The scenery of the caribou country is not the prettiest nor the most tempting in nature, but there are worse looking places in Newfoundland, to wit, the newly calcined forests through which we journeyed in the pitiless glare of a July sunshine. How tragic, how Dante-esque are they! The big trees, gripped with a supreme agony, are contorted in desperate, writhing forms. Their limbs knotted and entwined, every curve with its suggestion of pain and protest, they sear one's eyes with their suffering as the yellow sunshine shows them up black and lifeless along the route. And the little saplings, the tender tree children, huddling together in their pitiful fate, all their little branches burned away and only the small, helpless trunks leaning together in misery. Not soon shall one who loves "the green things growing" forget the sight of a newly destroyed forest in Newfoundland. It haunted me like those terrible pictures of the Indian famine sufferers, and I vow it hurt me as much. The hopeful fresh undergrowth which lovingly embraces the pale grey feet of the victims of fires of several years ago is here lacking. The very breast of mother earth is scorched and black, with here and there a drift of brass-colored debris where the spruce and fir foliage is drifted in a sort of death struggle. And we saw, that nothing might be lacking to the picture, a fire in its first outburst of fury, when hungry tongues of flame ran along the ground, leaped like wolves on the resinous trees, and with insatiable greed devoured their beauty.

In this wonderfully diverse country there are huge peat bogs, which remind one that there's nothing but a strip of sea, a trifle of the salt water and a few icebergs between it and Ireland. The train meanders past the peat bogs, the lakes loved by the caribou, and the tiny and larger fishing streams, and halts at a small settlement. High on a rock stands a little board shanty across the front of which is nailed a grand black and gold signboard with very new large letters, "The Bank of Montreal." It struck our funny side, that signboard did, and we roared with laughter at it. But it's a sign of several things which are good for the Newfoundlanders, and comical as it looks, it has, I am assured, attracted lots of business. It will be quite a pity when the smart new bank they are building takes the shine out of this funny little shack. Some of the names of the Newfoundland Railway stopping places are very quaint. What do you think of Kitty's Brook and Gaff Topsail, Rushy Pond, Stickle Harbor, and Gambo? Gaff Topsail, Foretopsail, Maintopsail and Mizentopsail are far inland on the railway, but the tongue of the sea has been the godfather of the four inland peaks, and they share the general quaintness of nomenclature of the island, which has had godfathers of so many nationalities that I have found it a regular patchwork of tongues. The Spaniards gave Spaniard's Bay and Port-aux-Basques; the Frenchmen Ville Marie, and all the saints in the calendar; the Scotchmen Holyrood, and the Englishmen Avondale, while the Irish—but I beg pardon, there are no Irish in Newfoundland. One would think with Denis Dooley it might be safe to risk a nationality, but Denis will not own up. He is a Newfoundland first and last, and so is the policeman with a brogue you might hang your hat on, and the cabman with a profile out of Zim's best effort in "Judge." I tried them one and all and found the current switched off. You may press the button, but no responsive ring rewards you. There are no Irish in Newfoundland. God bless the country that has been strong enough to cement these recreant hearts with her rocky witcheries! But I have left the railway before my time, and wherever you are in Newfoundland, as regards time, you are never ahead, so let us be back again, two hours late and coming along discreetly nevertheless, for with a narrow-gauge road and many curves it doesn't pay to speed. The other night the engineer unwar-



A Glimpse of Beauty.

ily got extra steam up, and there was a "sudden awakening," as the revivalists say, for the sleeper, our nice, comfortable sleeper, rolled off the track and gently capsize. No one was hurt, and I've been regretting ever since that I missed that train. There is toboggan slide on the side of a handy mountain, which looks interesting when seen from the end of the train on which one has just coasted down, and there is a

skirting of the Bay of Islands and a bit near St. John's which are too beautiful for words, just those glimpses of the witchery of wood and water, cascade and rock, which charm the observant tourist. The route of the railroad is a huge semicircle through the land north from Port-aux-Basques on the west, and curving southward to St. John's on the east. All along its course we found wild flowers innumerable, the dainty, fluffly swamp-cotton with slim stem and woolly ball a-top; the buttercup and the deep pink rhodora, a sort of wild rhododendron; the glossy leaved "Labrador tea," with its cluster of tiny, waxy flowers and the star-like white bunchberry sitting close to the ground with its single blossom; beside all manner of tiny pale-tinted things too small to identify as the train whirled by. Once as we slowed up for water I saw a flash of vivid purple and cried out "Violets!" whereat my chums jeered. But the "ever-blessed" climbed down and ran back and grubbed in the ditch and came again, bearing proudly a glossy leaved plant of English violets, the deep color of their blooms making a new tint among the spoils I had already gathered. And we disputed and wondered about how that one plant of English violets got over to Newfoundland!

Near by St. John's, at half-past two, we came upon Waterford River and its pretty little rapids, and soon pulled up at



Waterford River.

the new station, opened last January, a very solid and compact building of grey stone, the last good thing up to date which has followed upon the completion of the railway in 1897. By the way, one may travel in and around Newfoundland for 3,957 miles by rail and steamer under the control of the Reid Newfoundland Company, and may spend a month in so doing with joy and satisfaction if one be imbued with the real love of such a holiday. I mention this, because so many persons have imbibed the notion that unless one be a fisherman or a hunter there is not much to occupy a holiday in the island. I don't shoot nor fish, but I am going to Newfoundland again.

I found that I had mislaid a small parcel when I landed at St. John's. "Thy an' t'ink what you did wid it," remarked the cabman, who was linguistically Irish at both ends and French in the middle. "I t'ink she'll be 'lick on the coast, may be," said another Newfoundland-French-Irishman who wanted to prepare me for a fog. The "it" is dropped and picked up again in this curious insular pronunciation exactly in this fashion all along the south coast. Ah, the south coast! But I must tell you about St. John's and its environs, and the grand south coast and its surprises in weeks to come. So change your watch to Eastern time and look pleasant.

LADY GAY.

### Pass the Pipe.

'Tis said Sir Walter Raleigh bore the Idol 'Racca home; Then Walt deserved the throne of Bess, or else the chair of Rome; His name should head the list of saints for introducing us To such a whiff of Paradise, when James was King—the cuss.

I'd like to smite those Horners who our dear tobacco tax, I wish Sir Walter's fragrant ghost would whack them with his axe; I hope since Jimmy Stewart's death that axe has locked his jaw, And that his Brimstone Spa has cured his chronic scrofula.

It makes one's gall get bilious and the spleen feels quite morose, To know that anti-smokers let us pipers pay their dose; But, brethren, don't get jaundiced yet, they know not what they miss, We bear a double burden, but we've got a lien on bliss.

A chap can do without his girl, his bread and beef, or beer, (For quite a while), if he has got Saint Nicotine's own cheer; But he will borrow, beg, or steal, and pledge his shirt or head If he is short on plug or shag—it's meat and drink and bed.

The meerschaum, or the briar pipe, the cornucop, or the clay, Contain a wizard's magic spell, to waft our cares away; I never liked those fellows much who have no little sins, Don't bait such catfish with your hearts—and get their horns and fins.

I wonder when in Eden's groves, with cherubim they roam, Old Boys may smoke the calumet, to make them feel at home? Or if, when Peter searches through our sinful clothes to swipe

The cards and pocket pistols—will he pass a fellow's pipe? Port Perry, Ont. WILLIAM H. TAYLOR.

### Not Complimentary to Boys.

"I WOULD rather be left alone and unprotected in a room full of black beetles than spend half an hour in the society of the average schoolboy of fifteen," writes a well-known woman contributor to a London periodical. "I am, I may say without undue conceit, most popular among my small cousins and my friends' boys. I attribute this entirely to the fact that whenever I see a possibility of being left in their society for a period exceeding ten minutes I distribute half-crowns with lavish generosity on the understanding that they immediately go out and spend them. But boys of fifteen, like butlers, cannot be cajoled with anything less than gold, and it takes almost a superhuman effort to make them realize that they are ever de trop. The schoolboy is eminently gregarious and fond of small jokes only understood by his comrades. To upset his dignity is not easy; when you do, you find he is quite human. There is nothing he likes better than to have a mother who thoroughly understands the art of packing a hamper, and nothing he dislikes more than the attempt of any female relation to kiss him. The day apparently is past when it was considered muffish to talk of your sisters. The modern schoolboy is very much interested in other people's sisters, though he has no great opinion of his own. In truth, however, there is nothing so difficult to get at as a boy's mind. The proof of that fact is the absolute failure of all books written about boys. A boy will always answer you according to what he judges your views and own comprehension to be, and it is almost impossible to discover his own. Certain secondhand opinions he will air glibly, and he has a nice little slang vocabulary in which the same word often has two or three different meanings. But on the shallow depths of his mind many different impressions quickly chase each other, and no generation apparently understands another."

### A Case for Christian Science.

#### "Town Topics."

Miss Helen Keller, born blind, deaf and dumb, but a beautiful, helpful woman, thoroughly educated, seems to have been created expressly for the Christian Scientists, who have just paid their annual adoration to Mother Eddy and boasted of cures more miraculous than the miracles. Let them concentrate their "absent treatment" upon Miss Keller for a week and restore her to speech, sight and hearing, and all the world will acknowledge the Scientist religion, and instead of only 27,000 worshippers, Mother Eddy will win as many millions. This is a plain, practical test; but will the Scientists accept it? Not while the English language can be twisted into excuses and equivocations.

### In the Crowd.

THE attitude of the English masses to the monarchy is admirably conveyed in the following street conversation, reported in the "Outlook" (London):

Who's he with the ribbon round 'im? Why, 'im you come to see, of course.

Who d'ye mean?

President Loubit.

Oh, Decent sort o' chap. Looks like a Good Templar wi' that there sash.

So he is.

Go on! Why, they ain't got nothing to drink in France but wine.

Well, leastways he's one o' them careful chaps as climbs up natural. Can't help it; made honest and careful.

Born on a farm, wasn't he?

Yes. Used to collect the eggs every mornin' and count 'em strict.

Don't look a bit like a king, does he?

King? Why, they wouldn't 'ave 'im if he did, not in a republic.

Well, he's all right for a republic, I dessay; but gi' me the King. Now, he do look a king.

He ain't as 'aughty as some. Real friendly sort o' chap is King Edward. Catches 'old of your 'and and says, "Ow d'ye do?" just as if he knewed you.

Well, ain't that the sort we want?

'Course it is. But he's a king all the same, mind you. You don't feel like squeezin' his 'and back; no fear.

He wouldn't mind if you did.

'Praps not, but you can't. Why, there's 'Arry Evans, 'im as came home from Afriker, and 'ad his medal pinned on at Buckingham Palace; he'll jaw for as long as you'll stick it, tellin' you all about it.

And why not?

There ain't no reason, 'cept he was a bloomin' Socialist when he went to the war, and he says he is now. But you just hear him tell how "His Majesty says to me, says he, 'Arry Evans, you're a brave man,' says he. And he takes in a tuck o' my tunic and slips in the pin o' the medal, so near as I could feel His Majesty's breath," an' he'll go on like that, world without end, getting in "His Majesty" every time he takes a gasp. Why, it's disgustin'—simply disgustin'.

Wot is?

Pretendin' to be a Socialist.

It ain't no worse than bein' a Republican.

'Praps not, but they don't neither o' them go wi' kings.

What for is old King Edward nobbin' and hobnobbin' wi' Loubit then?

That's politics, don't you know. He has to.

But old Loubit don't 'ave to come here.

Yes, he 'as, just the same.

Who makes 'im?

The Ministers. It's the Ministers as does the business.

The French Foreign Secretary 'as come over wi' Loubit, and all the time the King is rushin' about wi' Loubit the French Foreign Secretary is arrangin' things wi' Joe Chamberlain.

Joe's our man o' business. That's 'ow it's done. Wot you say, missis? Prince Eddie? No, he warn't there.

Wot a shame! It's 'im I want to see. Why don't they bring 'im out to be seen?

Well, you see, missis, there's the King fast, there's the Prince o' Wales next, and then comes the kiddy; an' if you have 'em all out at once there ain't enough public to go round.

Nobody would know what nobody else was a-cheerin' for. It would be all confusion.

Ah, but Prince Eddie is so young, and he's such a dear!

That's right enough. But 'ere's me a-cheerin' for the King, so to speak—not as I goes off my head and gets blue in the face—and 'ere's you a-wavin' your handkerchief for the kid.

Wot I say is, where are we, and where does the Prince o' Wales come in, an' the Princess, and the King's brothers, and the rest o' them? Don't you see? The kid's all right; his time's comin'. But we want a big man, a sort of full-grown Englishman to receive them foreign Loubits properly; an' wot I say is that King Edward do it all right. Don't be, Bill?

He do.

Yes, he always do—every time.

### The Inevitable Choice.

A DELICIOUS bit of sentiment, says an exchange, is presented in the following extract from a prize letter in "Collier's Weekly," in which a daughter's love for her chummy daddy is fearfully torn by the irresistible attraction of her lover.

"Daddy, daddy," she cries, "how am I going to write you this letter? I should feel ashamed of myself for not having the courage to go straight to you and tell you my secret, as a sensible young woman should. Instead, I have run up to my room and locked myself in, to write you all my heart. When I have finished, I shall slip the letter under your bedroom door."

"Here it is: I love another man—another besides you, daddy; and the conviction is nearly breaking my heart. The man I love—the other one, daddy—is good, brave, true, and—yes—even great; but my poor heart aches unutterably with the thought that, if I go to him, I must leave you—leave you, dearest, best, truest father a girl ever had."

"When I look back over the twenty-three years of my life—all motherless years—and recall how we—you and I, daddy—have walked hand in hand, heart to heart, all the way, through sunshine and shadow, over smooth paths and rough, drawing ever closer to each other with the passing of years—when I think of all this, and then realize that I am actually asking you to let me leave you, actually deserting—oh, I could tear my heart out for its treachery. I could weep my eyes dry for very bitterness of soul! If—ah, I must ask you—if you can give me up to him, tell me so by putting a rose on my breakfast plate in the morning. Don't speak to me then, for my heart is too full. Just put the rose there. And then, after a while, I will try to talk sensibly to you about it—about him."

"Good night, sweet daddy." I hardly know what sort of state my heart is in. I only know that I love two men with all the very soul of me. That sounds dreadful, but one of them is my idolized father, and the other—ah, put the rose there in the morning, daddy! Your loving "Daughter."

### Should Wives Obey?

"WOMEN'S rights," it appears, are to be established as a tenet of the Reformed Church Synod of New Jersey, where the word "obey" is to be eliminated from the marriage service. And in Pennsylvania, a few days ago, Miss Nelly Olive Baer stood at the marriage altar and promised to love and honor, but not to "obey," Mr. Heber L. Smith. This was in accordance with the wish of the bride and also in accordance with the new ritual of the church.

One prospective bride thus expresses herself on the question: "Me obey my husband! How silly! I would no more think of promising to obey him than I would think of contracting to wear all the things my milliner sends home. Everybody knows that women, as a rule, do not obey their husbands. Honest women don't even pretend to. Mr. Patterson and I have had an understanding, and obedience is no part of our bargain. He is a good fellow, and doesn't take life too seriously. I don't think that he would have much respect for a woman who was for ever on her knees. I would not ask my husband for a dollar, and I certainly would not ask his permission to spend one that I might happen to have. We agree that a woman should have money of her own—her very own. Obedience implies a difference in station. I shall so conduct myself as to command the respect of my husband, and no man who respects his wife will humiliate her with orders."

And here is the view taken by Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, rector of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre: "I cannot admit that the use of the word 'obey' by the woman in matrimony is a relic of barbarism." During a long ministry, extending over thirty years, I have never known any woman to object to use the word. A friend of mine who was the rector of a church in Manchester, England, found a bride who objected to use the word, when the bridegroom exclaimed, 'Never mind sir; I'll make her obey when we're married.' The idea that the expression tends to slavery is simply absurd. Children obey their parents. This does not imply slavery. Servants obey their masters, and so does the soldier obey his officer, but there is no slavery in this. Lord Beaconsfield says, 'An obedient wife commands her husband.' George Farquhar very quaintly says, 'Women never really command until they have given their promise to obey; and they are never in more danger of being made slaves than when men are at their feet.'



## Anecdotal.

A secretary of a fire insurance company tells of an old woman who called on an agent to arrange for insurance on her house and furniture. "We haven't had no insurance for five years," she explained; "we hev jes' been dependin' on the Lord; but I says to my old man, I says, that it's terrible risky, I says."

Anne, a Southern beauty of four years, had a decided aversion to her morning bath. One evening her nurse was telling her of God's goodness and His willingness to wash away her sins, when she suddenly set up a lusty howl, exclaiming: "Oh, don't let Him wash them away! Don't let Him wash them! Tell Him to pick them off!"

When Henry Irving was rehearsing for his production of "Faust," he experienced much difficulty in restraining the exuberance of the supers, who persisted in being light-hearted, even in Hades. Sir Henry is proverbially long-suffering about such matters, but his patience finally gave out, and he thundered: "Kindly remember that you are supposed to be in hell, not picknicking at Hampstead Heath."

Senators Blackburn and Lindsay of Kentucky were once traveling together through the Alleghany Mountains. Blackburn went into the smoking-room and returned in a few minutes looking so much depressed that Lindsay asked: "What's the matter, Joe?" "Why, I've said Blackburn, in heartbroken tones, lost the better part of my baggage." "Was it stolen or did you leave it behind?" "Worse than either—the cork came out."

Charles Dudley Warner, who was editor of the Hartford "Press" in the sixties, was one day confronted by a compositor, who said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." The editor was pleased, and replied that he was glad to see the man felt the call of duty and was hastening to serve his country in its troublous time. "Oh, it ain't that," remarked the printer, "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your d—d copy."

A North Missouri editor received a note the other day telling him that one of his subscribers was dead, and asking that his paper be discontinued. A few days later the editor met the "deceased" subscriber on the street, and told him about the note. "I wrote that note myself," returned the subscriber. "What for?" asked the editor. "Well, I wanted to stop yer paper," said the subscriber, candidly, "an' knowin' how bad you need the money I didn't have the heart to come right out an' do it. So I jes' wrote you the note about ben' dead."

The story is told of a Scotch preacher who gave his people long, strong sermons and delivered them in a remarkably deliberate manner. One Sunday he asked a friend who was visiting him to occupy his pulpit in the morning. "An' were you satisfied wi' my preaching?" asked his friend, as they walked home from the kirk. "Weel," said his host, slowly, "was a fair discourse. Will'm, a fair discourse; but it pained me at the last to see the folk looking so fresh and wide awake. I mistrust 'twasnae long nor sae sound as it should ha' been."

Count Guardabassi, the baritone, who earlier in life achieved no little reputation as a portrait painter, once painted a portrait of Leo XIII. His Holiness scrutinized it carefully. "The lips and cheeks are too bloodless," he said. "You must put a little more color into them." After his Holiness had departed, Count Guardabassi touched the lips and cheeks with rouge. The next day the picture was again inspected by the Pope, who, expressing himself as highly pleased with it, gave the young artist his approbation in writing. After the portrait had been removed from the Vatican the artist carefully wiped off the rouge.

A Canadian university man was touring in Scotland last summer. One Sunday morning he put his little hammer in his pocket (for he is an amateur geologist), and, strolling out upon the hills, he began to chip off such specimens of rock as interested him. A native happened along as the man was thus engaged. The native looked on with a frown for a moment. Then he said: "Sir, do ye ken yer breakin' more than stones there?" "Breakin' the Sabbath, eh?" said the young Canadian with a laugh, and, to appease the Scot, he put away the hammer and walked onward a little way with him. A turn of the road revealed the ruins of a castle. "What castle is that?" said the stranger. The Scot frowned. "It's noo' the day," he said, severely. "To be speirin' sie things."

At a certain London church the collection used to be made in nicely embroidered bags, but so many old buttons and stale pieces of chocolate being put in, it was decided to try "plates" instead. The first Sunday the usual number of coppers and three-penny pieces were put in, but among them a bright yellow shining piece was observable. On Monday morning there were more callers than usual at the vestry, some of them with the same application. After a short interval another came with the same. "Oh, I am so sorry, but I put a sovereign into the plate yesterday by mistake. Could I have it, as I really cannot afford it?" "What?" said the vicar; "you are the

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fifth that has been to see me this morning with the same application, but the church warden has just told me that the supposed sovereign is only a gilded shilling!"

## Ballads of Bad Babies.

I.  
Little Izzy Izenheimer  
Thought he'd be a steeple climber.  
Climbed way up St. Peter's steeple.  
Then fell off and killed some people.  
Broke the e-r off his name?  
Wasn't that the nicest game?  
Papa got there just in time  
To pick up Izzy Izenheimer.

K.  
Little Katie Katzenjammer  
Saw an axe and saw a hammer;  
Saw her lovely Auntie Sadie  
Sitting underneath a shady  
Tree upon a little hummock;  
Went and sawed her in the stummock.  
When her auntie saw the hammer,  
She licked Katie Katzenjammer.

M.  
Little Mandy Mennypenny  
Saw her angel brother Benny  
Eating up a lot of candy.  
Went and got a hatchet handy.  
Cut square off the head of Benny.  
Little Benny Mennypenny.  
Don't you wish that you were Mandy  
And could have all Benny's candy?

J.  
Howard Arthur Spitznhammer  
Tried to be a lady killer;  
Saw a lady in a house;  
Took up still as any mouse;  
Took a gun and shot her dead.  
"That will do for one," he said.  
Wasn't Howard Spitznhammer  
Just the swiftest lady killer?

T.  
Uncle Thomas Townsend Tyler  
Built a great big engine biler.  
Nephew Tommy used to play  
In his uncle's shop all day.  
Once he went and got some water;  
Put it where he didn't oughter;  
Got up steam and bust the biler.  
That's the last of Tommy Tyler.  
—Harry P. Taber.

## It Reads Like a Miracle

Only Dodd's Kidney Pills are Doing Similar Things Daily.

Reuben Draper's Gravel was Cured Three Years Ago—It has Never Come Back.

Bristol P.O., Quebec, July 27.—(Special.)—Reuben Draper, well known here, tells a story of his cure of a bad case of gravel that would be considered miraculous if similar cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills were not being reported almost daily.

"About three years ago," says Mr. Draper, "I was taken ill with what I thought was gravel. I was suffering great pain, and the doctor I sent for gave me but little relief. Another doctor I tried failed to cure me, and I was getting weaker all the time."

"Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, as they had cured his mother, and I did so. In just one week after I started using them, I passed a stone as large as a small bean, and in four days after I passed another about the size of a grain of barley. That is two years ago, and I have not had any trouble since."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all ailments of the bladder and urinary organs.

## Letters.

From a Self-Made Mother to a Home-Made Daughter.

"DEAR GERTRUDE—Now that you are out of finishing school, I shall expect great things from you. Don't think of getting married yet. At present do not bother about how much money a man has. What you are after is experience, and oftentimes you can get it better from the poor than from the rich. Later you can discriminate. When any money is spent on you, however, never fail to be appreciative. It's a fatal mistake to allow a man with money to know how much of a fool he is making of himself. Above all things, say your prayers every night. It's a good sedative, and you need sleep at your age. Your affectionate

"Mother."

"Dear Gertrude—I am glad you are visiting in New York. Everyone should go to New York occasionally to acquire the proper nervous pitch. But I want you to remember that just because you are moving around in good society you mustn't drift too much with the current. You've got to work for a living just the same as all the rest, and it's going to depend altogether on yourself whether you get the right one to work or not. If I hadn't known that your father, when I first met him in Pittsburgh, was the right man to work for a living, I might have been a cloak model to-day. So keep your eyes open and learn all you can. I want you to draw a prize in the marriage lottery, but to do that you must sit up nights. Your affectionate

"Mother."

"Dear Gertrude—I've just been reading what you have written about late suppers and a midnight tete-a-tete, and this is only a word of warning: Go slow! Remember that health and beauty are the same in all languages, and you can't make your husband walk a chalk-mark with a ruined digestion. By all means have a flirtation if you can, but have it in business hours. Don't be afraid to wreck any young man's life. If he's poor, it may be the means of making him a future; and if he's rich, it doesn't matter anyway. Your affectionate

"Mother."

"Dear Gertrude—The announcement of your engagement was telegraphed on to the papers here, and I read it this morning before your letter came. It's all right as long as you don't marry him. But remember that one engagement does not make a winter in town. Do not let him monopolize you too much, however. You must fit yourself for married life as early as possible, and early habits count. I enclose a check for a thousand. Buy a brooch with it. Your affectionate

"Mother."

"Dear Gertrude—Have you found out how much he is really worth—not what the papers say? This is important. When I married your father he didn't have a cent. But I had faith in him. Nowadays, however, it is not faith, but cash, that counts. You will find it a difficult matter to guess accurately, but here are a few rules: If he talks big and spends little, look out. If he spends big and talks little, beware. He's unbalanced. If he lets you do all the ordering, don't trust him. He's not good business. If he spends one day and doesn't the next, break off the engagement at once. He's a gambler. But if he spends

steadily, silently, unconsciously all the time and pays taxes on at least two million dollars (see papers) he's all right. Your affectionate

## A Good Thing Gone Wrong.

Once upon a time a man who lived in the city by choice all the year around sent his family away for the entire summer. And as he came home in the cool of the evening and sat down in a comfortable armchair, while the soft wind blew the draperies around, and he put on his pajamas and lighted a fragrant cigar and ordered his evening meal sent up, he said joyfully to himself:

"Life with me from this time on is indeed one long, sweet cinch. I can smoke all over the house, take a bath every hour, live without curtains and have things my own way. All I want is the companionship of a few congenial spirits."

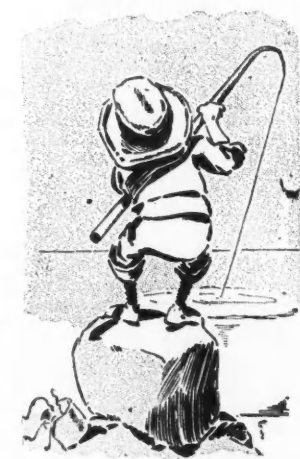
The next day he went around and told everybody what a grand spot he had, with a bursting sideboard full of real old stuff, and he urged the boys, with tears in his eyes, to make it their home and drop in every evening and feel that they were always welcome.

And all the city boys he knew took him at his word, and night after night they made merry at his expense. Not only this, but they took his money away from him, told him stories that he had heard many times before, and made his life so miserable that in four weeks' time he sent the following telegram to his wife:

"Come at once. Bring all the dogs and children."

Moral—Home is all right, when you don't abuse it.

## Fisherman's Luck.



## Too Much Success.

The way of the philanthropist, of whom the author of "A Third Pot-Pourri" tells, seems unduly hard. The philanthropist, who was a gentle old lady of Exeter, Eng., got hold of a maimed sailor, who moved her to great pity. To help him along she purchased a tray on which he was to expose gingerbread for sale.

She gave him a start in gingerbread, also the privilege of standing before her most respectable residence to cry his wares. In addition, she composed and taught him the following words to repeat at intervals:

"Will any good, kind Christian buy some fine spicy gingerbread of a poor, afflicted old man?"

The first morning the sailor sold a shilling's worth of gingerbread in a short time, and his success went to his head. Pretty soon, from his station on the pavement in front of the gentle old lady's house, his voice floated in to her in this appeal:

"Will any poor, afflicted Christian buy some good, kind gingerbread of a fine, spicy old man?"

Despite this sadly mixed cry, trade became very good—so good, indeed, that when the philanthropist again heard her words they ran:

"Will any fine, spicy Christian buy some poor, afflicted gingerbread of a good, kind old man?"

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Various conditions influenced our decision to sell these waists at a dollar each—of course the chief reason being that size assortments are broken; apart from this the waists are desirable stock in every respect and worth every cent of original prices. The collection, which by the way is an exceptionally attractive one, contains beautiful sheer lawn waists with finest tuckings and insertions of dainty embroideries—four, five and even six rows; handsome waists with Cluny insertions, waists of fine linen lawn exquisitely trimmed with fine embroideries and insertions, and a host of other pretty styles—see the window show—regular \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 lines, to clear Tuesday, each..... **\$1.00**

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The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Marion—Greeting to the little woman, and a memory of her wide-open eyes and good welcome. Wasn't it fun to surprise you? When you have time, and if they are still flowering, send me a scrap of the forget-me-not and a few of the wild flowers from the side of the ravine. I left my posy behind me somewhere. And my kindest regards to you all.

Mabel—Adaptability, strength and energy are shown. Writer has a good eye for beauty and a bright and sometimes slightly volatile nature. It would be hard work for her to live a monotonous and circumscribed life, though she isn't remarkably initiative nor very exacting. The lines are buoyant and spirited, and the disposition faithful and persistent when really roused and interested. Writer has some pride and a good deal of tact, she has few intimates, and would probably respond to sentiment. See here: "You have made me quite homesick for the Harbor and St. Jacques, and all the rest of it. How curious that your study should turn up just when I've learned to know about these things. Well, it is a very good study, with much innate refinement and very nice feeling. I am sure you are quite a dear girl."

Avon—It is done, and well done, too. Thanks for all and sundry hints and advice. Never did anyone do "just what the doctor ordered" more cleverly than I. And the prescription nixed my sickness, and will be put aside for use later if necessity arises. I hope you will appreciate the rest and believe I am truly grateful. As to the direction for playing that bit of second sight off on my friends, I am not so sure. It doesn't work always. I have enjoyed the Moore household and the Moore residence greatly. It was good of you to write me. Write me when you think of me, and tell me what you think of the result. The little one and I spoke of you. She is indeed a girl to be considered. About the West fisheries, don't you think St. present state of affairs is hard enough on them, apart from right or wrong. I wonder if that dove of peace, Woodrow, wouldn't straighten up their case if only he understood. He is started in a grand new line, isn't he? Let me hear him to understand the Irish people as he does? And to-day, while I write, he is poking about that place of the seven beauties, Loch Foyle. Don't I wish I were there for the day?

Mike—The truth is not so bad. You are hasty, impetuous, with a good deal of inspiration and some genuine cheerfulness and affection. It is a bright, clever study, quick to see and understand, decided and self-reliant; the purpose is strong, but not constant. You may easily be a little fickle. I am sorry that up to now I did not read your P.S. so you are over-confident. The majority in spite of your prayer. Let it go. The truth is begged for on one page and the next, so like you, that. Mike! You are over-confident and heedless of your words sometimes—a weakness that does you great injustice.

Scrappy—It was heavenly of you to wish me every comfort through rough and season, because your wish came true. There has been no hot season yet for me. "hot air" or "mountain air," any kind but "hot air" of either sort, I've had. I don't think, Scrappy, that you are a thoroughly developed character, but you are original, shrewd, very discreet when needed be, and as for your birth month, you are a Libra of the most pronounced type; the scales will not balance for some time yet, and in the meantime, "up you go and down you go," eternally. Your thoughts are seldom logical. The Games affair? I seem to recall that name, but it's so dead that I can't recall the mild adjective to describe it. I never about something else. You will, I fear, find any pains you take with yourself well worth while, for you have the material for making a fine character.

Macleod—Hall from the Yukon, and why should I ignore you, my friend? I am sorry to have kept you so long without an answer. My letters go into wrong packets sometimes in a hurried sorting. That's the reason. However, you'll get this before the snow falls, won't you? Your birth-month brings you under the Zodiacal sign, Virgo, and as to what planets rule, your governing planet is Mercury, the god of letters, but it depends upon his situation at the exact judgment, and suggests undue influence he exercises in your career. I have not time nor appliances to cast your horoscope, and could not do so unless you are quite sure of the year of your birth. Your writing is not very satisfactory in some ways, it lacks concentration and judgment, and suggests undue influence of the emotional and sentimental part of your make-up—not sufficient inspiration to balance the lower nature and rule it. You have the impulse of caution, but often neglect it through carelessness. You are adaptable, but not acute, and you often spend force needlessly. There is

vast courage and cheerfulness about you, and your tendency is to optimism, and you desire to rise, and will probably succeed in doing so. You are conventional and clear in expression, with some facility and a constant purpose. Your excellences are the sort that grows upon knowledge, and people are proud of you, and are favorably impressed with you at first than later. Now, "Soljourner in the Yukon," the story of your own life, is a delineation? Virgo people are addicted to self-analysis, and you are Virgo, with a warm touch of Earth's hidden fire.

Citrus—You should have made the "Home-comers" pilgrimage last month and seen what nineteen years has done to this city. I can scarcely recognize it with the changes since that time. Your letter from far California should have been read at some of the home-comers' gatherings. Fancy how strong they are (less favorably impressed with you at first than later. Now, "Soljourner in the Yukon," the story of your own life, is a delineation? Virgo people are addicted to self-analysis, and you are Virgo, with a warm touch of Earth's hidden fire.

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Sunbeam—Write against the cruelty of the check rein? That isn't much good, my dear, but why not be only transient and talk and practice the lovely Universal Brotherhood, and trust to humanity to do the rest? Sometimes the most ardent champions of animal rights bluster and cruel and narrow in dealing with their fellows. I know some. Your writing shows generosity, tenacity and gift of expression. You are practical, firm in purpose and constant in devotion. Discretion is marked and caution a habit. It is like you to state your intention to check any remark about your "extremely" unknown quality—and remind yourself that I am the one to tell of it. If you have self-control equal to your strength I am surprised, but you really should develop it to do yourself justice.

Jane Eyre—I am a witch, am I? It is difficult to tell your nature, my good Jane, but still when one makes such a good diagnosis it's a pleasure to have the patient own up. Your change of name doesn't disguise you. I perfectly remember your letter.

## Gregarious Reading of Poetry.

Andrew Lang has lately been taking a fall out of the Browning and other poet societies as did Stedman long ago. In an article on "Poet and Public," in the London "Morning Post," the genial Scotsman writes:

It may also be noted that many people who certainly read poetry seem to feel timid, lonely and deserted, so that they flock together into little mobs for mutual protection, Wordsworth societies, Browning societies, reading societies of all kinds. Now, I would as lief fish at Loch Leven in a fishing competition—men in boats shouting to each other and breaking the silence round Queen Mary's island prison, whiskey going, every kind of gregarious horror—as read poetry in a society. It is in solitude, "in a nook with a book," that poetry is to be tasted. But we hear of a society for reading Mr. Meredith among the Northumbrian miners—one might as well read Euclid in a society. These studies demand lonely application. A dozen decent bodies met

to dig the meaning out of "In Memoriam" is a spectacle comic and mournful, and one that would have constricted the poet. It takes a dozen men and women to understand him—and then they don't.

## No Blondes Desired.

"It's too bad," said she, thoughtfully, "you have brown eyes and I have brown eyes, you're dark-haired and I'm dark-haired, we both have round chins and we both have dark complexions—I must say that the outlook for our children is a terribly monotonous one."

"Never mind," he said, hastily; "let them be monotonous. I'd rather have them so."—Ex.

## INSIST ON Abbey's

## What Everybody says is good is worth Trying.

When every one says a good word for a thing it is because it is a good thing. Try "Abbey's" then say what you think about it.—A tea spoonful on retiring will cleanse the system of impurities—stimulate the liver—quicken the circulation—quiet the nerves—tone up the stomach and digestive organs—prevent indigestion and dyspepsia—put and keep the body in good health—the tonic properties of "Abbey's" work wonders.

## All Druggists sell

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt—

## In the Kitchen.

The purity, whiteness and dryness of Windsor Salt makes it an ideal Salt for the dairy and kitchen.

It does not cake—it dissolves easily—it is nothing but pure Salt.

## Windsor Salt.

BEST GROCERS SELL IT.

## THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS and MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

## WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE... ALES

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## How a Pope is Elected

By Domedico Falconio,  
Delegate Apostolic.

**D**URING the first day the quarters of the conclave are left open, and the cardinals receive the last visits from the diplomatic corps and members of the personal friends. Distinguished members of the laity are also permitted ingress into the room of the conclave during the first day.

At its close every avenue leading into the conclave, except one door, is bricked up by masons, under the direction of a prelate and a layman known as the architect of the conclave.

One door is left without masonry in order that a late-coming cardinal may enter, or should one of the participants in the ceremony become dangerously ill, he may be permitted to leave the hall.

The door of the conclave is then locked on the outside by the prince marshal of the Holy See, and on the inside by the Cardinal Camerlengo, both of whom retain the key of their own side. The keys of this lock are so combined that it requires both to open the door. In addition to this precaution a trusty guard is placed on the outer side to prevent any communication with the outer world.

These are solemnly charged to examine closely even such necessary articles of food as may be introduced, to prevent the delivery of any writing or information whatsoever from the outside world.

During the interval between the death of the Pope and the assembling of the conclave, architects have been at work within the quarters reserved for the conclave. Separate apartments have been boarded off for each cardinal. Three rooms are reserved for a cardinal bishop and two for a cardinal priest or deacon. In the larger room of these suites the cardinal lives, and the others are occupied by his personal attendants. Separate apartments are reserved for the physicians and servants necessary. The apartments are distributed by lot, in order that no coterie in favor of the election of a certain man may congregate. The conclave which elected Gregory XVI., predecessor of Pius IX., lasted sixty-four days.

Immediately after the conclave is closed the cardinals elect three of their number, two to act as tellers and one to announce the result of the vote. Pius IX. was the cry of the conclave at which he was elected. The supervision of the conclave rests with the Camerlengo, who has three assistants, one cardinal from each grade—bishop, priest and deacon. The Camerlengo announces the final election from a little window overlooking the piazza of St. Peter's. Pope Leo was the Camerlengo of his own conclave, and this office devolved upon the vice-deacon.

Twice a day, immediately after mass and vespers, the cardinals meet in the chapel, and there, on tickets so arranged that the voter's name cannot be seen, they write the name of him for whom they give their suffrage. These papers are examined by the tellers, and if the number of votes for anyone does not constitute two-thirds majority they are burned in such a manner that the smoke issuing through the chimney notifies Rome that there has been no election.

The populace know the hour when the ballots should be burned, and should there be the smallest delay, attention is riveted to hear the sound of pick and hammer breaking the masonry seals around the conclave.

A few minutes after the Camerlengo emerges on the small balcony and proclaims the name adopted by the new Pope. His words are: "I bring you tidings of great joy; we have elected as Pope the Most Eminent and Reverend . . . who has assumed the name of . . ."

The consent of the person elected is absolutely necessary. Thirty-eight times in the history of the pontificate persons have refused the election to the papacy, and often the acquiescence of the one chosen is obtained with the greatest difficulty.

Immediately after the election and acceptance, the new Pope is dressed in the ordinary costume of the Supreme Pontiff. This consists of white stockings, cassock and sash with gold tassels, white collar and skull cap and red mozzetta, stole and shoes.

Three suits of this apparel of different sizes are prepared before the conclave and are kept in the dressing-room for the new Pontiff to make his choice. He then takes his seat on a throne erected within the conclave and receives the first homage.

The cardinals kneel before him, kiss the nullo, then his hand, and then arising receive from him the kiss of peace on the cheek.

When the Pope is fully dressed he receives on his finger the fisherman's ring. This he immediately removes and hands to the master of ceremonies to be engraved with the name he assumes as reigning Pontiff. Two other rings are given to the Pope. The first is a band of plain gold with an intaglio or cameo ornament called the papal ring. The second, or pontifical ring, is used only when the Pope officiates at grand ceremonies. It is exceedingly precious and is set with an immense oblong diamond.

While Italy is under the reign of the present dynasty, an election to the papacy may likely mean perpetual seclusion within the Vatican. Should he choose to follow the policy of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., the new Pope will not be seen outside of St. Peter's again.

On a day selected after his election in the conclave the Pontiff is borne in solemn procession, lifted aloft on the Sedia Gestatoria to his coronation at the high altar of St. Peter's. Perhaps no court on earth can present so grand and so overpowering a spectacle as the coronation of the Roman Pontiff.

In the center of the sublime building will stand a circle of officers, nobles, princes, ambassadors, in their dazzling costumes, and with them the highest dignitaries of religion, cardinals, bishops and patriarchs of the Eastern and Western Church, with the long line of episcopal throne attendants and house prelates in their gorgeous embroidered robes; all this makes a scene which claims reverence from every beholder.

The pageant moves in triumphant procession toward the baldachin over the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul and to the pontifical throne erected beyond. Here the procession stops. A clerk of the papal chapel holds up before the Pontiff a red surmounted by a handful

of flax. It is lighted. It flashes up for a moment, dies out at once, and its pale, thin ashes fall at the feet of the new Pope, while the chaplain chants aloud: "Pater Sancte sic transit gloria mundi." "Thus, oh Holy Father, passes the glory of this world."

Three times this impressive rite performed as though to counteract the earthly glory of the papacy.

The papal throne is erected opposite to the altar and forms the furthest point in the sanctuary or choir. It is lofty and ample, reached by a long flight of steps around which are grouped the Pontiff's personal attendants. On the highest step the Pontiff, supported and surrounded by his ministers, forms a pyramid rich and varied. The mass is celebrated by the Camerlengo.

The Pope receives the communion from the hands of the oldest cardinal deacon. As the host touches the lips of the Pontiff a clash of swords is heard and of scabbards ringing on the marble pavement as the Swiss and Noble Guards fall on their knees. The papal crown is placed upon the new Pontiff's head by the Cardinal Camerlengo at the conclusion of the solemn mass. He is then borne to the loggia, or balcony, above the door of St. Peter, and thence he gives his first papal benediction to the multitude assembled below.

One of the grandest features of the occasion is the singing by the papal choir of the hymn "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," "Behold the High Priest," and the anthem "Corona Aurea Super Caput Ejus," "The Golden Crown is on Thy Head." After the Pope blesses the multitude he makes a solemn and stately pilgrimage back through St. Peter's to the tomb of the apostles, where he kneels in deep meditation. After this he enters upon the discharge of his duties.

### The New Proposal.

[The Thomas S. Clarkson School of Technology confers a degree of "bachelor of science in domestic engineering" upon young women who complete the course in household sciences.]

Priscilla, when I gaze upon  
The azure of your eyes,  
I see the glory of the dawn  
And peace of twilight skies.  
Please note my blushing and my sigh,  
And O, Priscilla dear,  
But say the word that you'll be my  
Domestic Engineer.

What joy! Your knowledge so exact  
Would ever charm my soul—  
You know just how best to extract  
Heat units from the coal.  
No grubby bacilli could get by  
If you were watching near.  
Priscilla, O, say you'll be my  
Domestic Engineer.

A life with you—it could be but  
A fate serene, divine,  
For even pies must all be cut  
On geometric line.  
No janitor could me defy—  
His voice I should not fear.  
Priscilla, please, will you be my  
Domestic Engineer?  
—Chicago "Tribune."

### Eight Years of Misery.

What Maurice Best Might Have Avoided  
If He Had Started to Use Dodd's  
Dyspepsia Tablets Right at the Start.

Maurice Best of Southern Harbor, Nfld., suffered torture for eight years simply because he would not believe that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets would cure him. He says:

"In 1892 I was attacked with Dyspepsia. I was in continual misery for eight years. Sometimes I would go off in a faint and for ten minutes I would be more dead than alive. Doctors could not cure me and gave me but little help."

Then it occurred to Mr. Best that it would not hurt him to try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. He did so and this is what he says of the result:

"The first two boxes I used gave me new life. I kept on using them and was soon a new man. I can't say enough in their favor."

Why don't you try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets?

### A Dinner With King Alfonso.

By G. O.

Madrid, —, 1903.

**M**Y DEAR—Three nights ago, at ten o'clock, we received a "command," as they say at the English court, for a diplomatic dinner at the palace for to-night, the thirtieth, and we have just come home, not in the least tired, therefore I start my letter to tell you about it.

The invitation reads: "By order of his Majesty the King, I have the honor to invite you to the dinner which will take place in this Royal Palace, the —, at eight o'clock." Dated, "The Palace, —, 1903," and signed, "The Major-domo of his Majesty, Duke of Sotomayor." At the foot of the page is the diplomatic title of my husband, and, magic word for me, "Senora." This invitation was enclosed in a letter from the First Introducer of Ambassadors, who "kisses our hands," as the Spanish custom is, and "has the honor to remit the enclosed invitation for the royal dinner at the Royal Palace." Then he begins all over again, this time in the first person, and addresses us by name, saying that he takes this opportunity to convey to us the expression of his sentiments of appreciation and respectful consideration.

Well, on the strength of all this, I got out my last gown to see that it was all

right, for we never get more than three days' notice, and we have always to be prepared for the court.

Have you ever heard what Napoleon said to his brother Joseph whom he made King of Spain, and who was to live in the palace at Madrid? "Tu sera mieux loge que moi." Truly the palace is magnificent; far finer than Buckingham Palace, or Windsor, even. It is so huge that 2,000 people live in it. We drove into the great court, where we left our carriage and entered a porte cochere, from the right of which starts the grand staircase. At the foot of the stairs and on the landings stood halberdiers in their quaint costume of red and black and white leggings and tri-corner hats. They form the bodyguard of the King and salute by dropping their halberds with force on the stone floor. The first time I was saluted in this way I was nearly frightened out of my wits, for it makes a fearful noise, and I thought a bomb had gone off somewhere near me.

On every other step and on both sides of the stairs stood a lackey in royal livery and with powdered hair. It seemed to me there were a thousand of them, but I suppose there were about 150. We might have gone up in the lift, which is a fine new one, all rosewood and cut glass and silk cushions (they say the Queen had it put in for Sagasta, to whom she was deeply attached, and who was much enfeebled by illness), but nothing would induce me to lose an opportunity of going up the great stairs, though the climb is equal to at least three ordinary flights. But the splendor and dignity in the design of these stairs, the groupings of the guard on the landings, with backgrounds of tall palms, the carpet which is about three inches thick and unusually fine, all combine to give me enjoyment. You can go up in lifts any day, but even at the palace there are times when the great staircase is not used. Wherefore did I profit by my chance. At the top of the stairs a servant in black clothes with knee-breeches, white stockings, and buckles on his shoes showed us to a cloak-room where we met the Marques de Zareo, the First Introducer of Ambassadors, with whom we walked through the guard-room into the Empire Salon, where the diplomatic corps were waiting for the entrance of the royal family. This room is remarkable for the beauty of its blue silk walls, and for a clock with a life-size marble figure of Time carrying the earth, a globe which forms the clock; it is mounted in a wonderful gold case. In this room is also one of the famous rock-crystal chandeliers set in gilt filigree. It is so brilliant that it tires one's eyes. Here are hung two of Goya's best-known portraits, those of Charles IV. of Bourbon and Queen Mary Louise of Parma.

As chiefs of missions only were invited the ladies present were few, some ten or twelve. The English ambassador, Lady Durant, wore mauve satin with pascies embroidered on it in velvet. She is a charming woman and greatly liked by the English colony, and in fact, by everybody. Madame Sturges, the wife of the Mexican minister, a tall and elegant woman with auburn hair, was wearing a white broadcloth that bore the mark of a Parisian master hand, and the biggest diamond solitaire necklace I have ever seen, and a great big diamond and emerald crown. Over the shoulders of her dress trailed diamond knots and chains. She has famous jewels and entertains a great deal, and is very prominent in Madrid society, her husband's fortune being a vast one. The German ambassador wore gray satin, the Austrian ambassador gray also, with the most lovely old lace shawl round her shoulders. She is quite an old lady and feels the cold, and she is for ever hastily thrusting aside this shawl, which it is not etiquette to wear before royalty. Mrs. Sickles, the wife of the United States charge d'affaires, wore a gown of white embroidered in gold, with maiden-hair fern sprinkled with diamonds in her hair.

We hadn't long to wait before their Majesties were announced. The Queen, leaning on the arm of her son, wore gray satin elaborately trimmed with silver lace, with bunches of ostrich feathers on the train. On the front of her bodice hung a state jewel, a single ruby as big as a hen's egg, and she wore a deep necklace of rubies and diamonds, and diamond stars with immense rubies as a tiara, and a great butterfly of the same jewels in the back of her hair. She has a pretty figure and beautiful hair, and while she is not a pretty woman, she has a charming manner. Following the King and Queen came the Princess of Asturias in blue moire, with pearls and diamonds in her necklace and tiara; and her sister, the Infanta Maria Teresa, in white silk with small vines embroidered on the seams, forget-me-nots on her bodice and in her hair, and pearls round her neck. After came the King's aunt, the Infanta Isabel—"La Chata," as the people call her, by whom she is greatly beloved. She has snowy white hair and a very red face, and is fat and a bad figure, but she beams like a sun and has a cheery word for everybody. Her dress was white silk embroidered in silver and diamonds, and her jewelry was lovely. The front of her bodice was covered with a branch of fuchsias made of rubies and diamonds, her necklace, tiara and bracelets of the same stones and the same design.

As each one passed through the room we made our court bows and then fol-

lowed the royal party into the dining-room without any formality whatever. After the diplomatic corps walked the ladies and gentlemen in waiting and the half-dozen other people invited. The state dining-room is famous for the tapestries on the walls, the marvelous frescoes, the great Sevres vases that are about six feet high, and the gold and crystal chandeliers. The band of the Royal Hunderdiers began playing as soon as the King entered, and gave a fairly good musical programme during dinner. The table, a long one, was quite eight feet wide, the King sitting in the middle on one side, his mother facing him. On either side of his Majesty were his sisters, the Queen having on her right her son-in-law the Prince of the Asturias, and on her left the papal legate, who is, by the way, a delightful man and the possessor of wonderful lace albs that fill my soul with envy. The Spanish court being Catholic, he is very much in evidence.

The floral decorations were mounds of red carnations interspersed with orchids and lilies of the valley, and with trailing ivy and yellow roses at each place. High silver candelabra stood in double rows down the table, and at each place were ten glasses and a small carafe of water, all bearing the King's monogram. The serving was French—that is, replacing the knife and fork with each course—and there were two servants for every four people, except for the royalties, who each had his or her own.

The white and gold menu cards with the King's name on one side and the escutcheon of the Bourbons on the other were very pretty. The menu was:

Potage Dubarry.  
Consomme Wilson.  
Bressoles de Strasbourg frites.  
Petits saumons a la Dieppoise.  
Cotelettes d'agneau a la St. Hubert.  
Jambon de Westphalie, sauce Cumberland.  
Rouelle de veau, garnie princesse.  
Chaufroid de volaille, en Bellevue.  
Granit au champagne.  
Asperges d'Arangeux, sauce mousseline.  
Canetons de Nantes a la broche.  
Salade Napolitaine.  
Gateau Chateaubriand.  
Bombe caprice.  
Tartelettes au Chester.

Jerez, 1847.

Chateau d'Iquem.

Bourgogne Romanee.

Rhin Johannesberger.

Champagne.

Pedro Jimenez.

At first there was not much conversation, but as course succeeded course the company became lively. The dinner was exquisite; so were the wines; and the Sevres and royal Vienna plates were a joy to look at. A good many courses were served on silver, and the dessert—service was gold, and oh, my horrors! in front of each cover were two neat little wooden toothpicks! When the champagne was served there was much hopping up and down of ambassadors drinking to royal health, but no speeches, and at the end of dinner the Queen got up, and we all made her a bow and followed the royal family out of the room, the gentlemen stopping to smoke for ten minutes, this being the first time since the death of Alfonso XII. that cigars were offered, as hitherto, the Queen being hostess, she has not deemed it etiquette to allow smoking. We waited some ten or fifteen minutes in a beautiful room with embroidered walls and furniture, and the royal family rejoined us there, and we sat down and talked about all sorts of things in all sorts of languages. At about 11.30 they bade us good-night and we bowed, and, after a few moments' conversation, put on our coats and wrote our names in the visitors' book and came home.—"Harper's Bazar."

### Grand Larceny.

A daring theft Jack wrought last night  
On darling little Rose.  
He stole the thing he wanted right  
Beneath her very nose.  
—Philadelphia "Press."

### Strawberry Jam.

**I**F there is an agitation in which generalities will never accomplish anything, it is the campaign against impure and adulterated foods. The average man reads of the adulterants in general use, from the aristocratic-sounding salicylic acid to the homely sand in the sugar, but he isn't afraid. Providence, or an inherited good constitution will save him somehow. Nothing will break up this serene frame of mind except concrete revelations of doctored foods. Thus, says the New York "Evening Post," too wide circulation cannot be given to such a revelation as that just made by the Minnesota State Dairy and Food Department about canned fruits. This is the season when the provident housewife is toiling over fragrant steaming kettles, while the firm, fresh fruit is metamorphosed into the appetizing array of jellies. It is a great trouble, and they are selling jams and jellies at the grocer's really more cheaply than you can make them. Very well. Here are preserved strawberries made from a mixture of timothy seed, glucose, acids and sugar, with flavoring and coloring matter. Raspberry jam is the same, except for the substitution of broom corn for the timothy. Picture the great caldron with the

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fire ready kindled. First the skillful cook pours in water. Then comes a half-peck of hayseed. Here is a dish fit for the most fastidious—horse. Then the thick glucose and some sugar. Last comes a dash of the nearest flavor to the strawberry that synthetic chemistry can produce. Water boil and caldron bubble. It is done, and here are colored labels with pictures of the luscious fruit. Sixteen dealers have been prosecuted in Minnesota since January 1 for selling preserves of this general class as "pure."

### Enjoying Himself.

William's table manners were notoriously bad—so bad that he was facetiously accused of spoiling the manners of a

pet coon chained in the back yard. He gripped his fork as though afraid it was going to get away from him, and he used it like a hay-fork. Reproaches and entreaties were in vain. His big sister's pleading, "Please, William, don't eat like a pig," made no impression upon him. One day William and his bosom friend, a small neighbor, dined alone, and William was heard to say in a tone of great satisfaction as he planted both elbows on the table, "Say, Harry, they's nobody here but us. Let's eat like hogs and enjoy ourselves."—Caroline Lockhart in "Lippincott's."

### Discussing the Yacht Race.

Paw he said: "Lipton's foolish to try to win the cup." "Why, paw, what makes you think so?" maw ast him, lookin' up. "Because, you see," paw answered, "there ain't no British boat. Can ever beat a Yankee as long as boards'll float." "He might build forty 'Shamrocks' to bring across the sea. The cup would still be ours," paw says to maw and maw. "My money's on the Yankee; he'll never win the prize. Although he goes on building his 'Shamrocks' till he dies." "I don't see why," maw answered, "he doesn't give it up." If he's so rich why can't he just go and buy a cup?" Then paw he looked disgusted, and give a heave to port. And wouldn't even answer. Poor maw, she ain't no sport. —Ex.

"Dante" remarked Mrs. Brownley interrogatively. "No, I don't know as I ever heard of him. But the name is familiar, too. Oh, yes! Ann Dante!—I knew I had heard of somebody of that name; wonder if it was his daughter."

### Another California Excursion.

On July 31 to August 13, inclusive, the Washab will sell round trip tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles, Cal., at the lowest rate ever made from Canada. Tickets good to return until October 15, 1903. All tickets should read via Detroit and over the great Washab line, the short and true route to Pacific Coast points. This will be the last, best and cheapest excursion to California this season. Do not miss it. For full particulars apply to any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

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**B**OTH to his numerous friends and the very large section of the musical public with whom he had necessarily to come into business relations, the news of the sudden death of Mr. George J. Barclay, secretary of the Conservatory of Music, came as a severe shock. Mr. Barclay, I understand, had never given any indications of weakness of heart, and had, in fact, been riding his bicycle on the very day of his demise. Mr. Barclay was a most efficient, conscientious and hard-working officer of the Conservatory, and much of its success as a business institution may be credited to his industry in paying attention to details. As a man and a citizen he was universally respected, and his kindly disposition and unvarying courtesy made him everywhere popular. His loss will be felt both by the Conservatory and the hundreds of students. It is needless to say how deeply the musical and newspaper profession regret his death and sympathize with his family in their great bereavement.

A paper on harmony at the piano by Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac., of Toronto, was read at the annual convention of the New York State Teachers' Association, which this year was held at Troy, N.Y. The paper was written at the request of the committee of the convention, and was read by the chairman, Mr. Frank H. Shepard of New York, who has expressed much interest in the ideas and methods advanced in it. Mr. Homer Norris, who was in charge of the harmony section, has written to Mr. Jeffers for further particulars of his method, which has, I am informed, already been successfully used at the Toronto College of Music.

Mr. N. Vert, the impresario, of New York, announces that he has under engagement for a tour of the United States and Canada the coming season Mr. Edward Lloyd, the great English tenor; Miss Muriel Foster, the popular English contralto, and Dr. Theodor Fischer, the famous Viennese lieder singer. The tour will extend from December to May.

In a recent number of the Boston "Herald" there is an interesting article by Philip Hale, giving curious pronouncements of United States critics on music, going back fifty years. One journalist in 1847 declared "that the verdict of an Italian audience upon the merits of a composer is worth less than that of any other audience in the world, if perhaps we except the Chinese and the Choc-taws." Verdi, it appears, was "music of the future," for we are told that in his "I Lombardi" the "din of brass prevents what music there is to be heard from being heard, until the hearer is as used to it as a resident at Niagara to the roar of the Falls." An Italian tenor is accused of shouting forth sounds like "ay-hay hee hee meo sa-hang-ay-hay lo-lo tradetia-hah-hah-hah," which is his version of "ella e il mio sangue l'ho tradita."

The Berlin "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung" of June 26, in an article on Grieg's sixtieth birthday, says there is hardly another composer who at present enjoys so wide a popularity throughout the musical world as this great Norwegian. Nearly every young lady in Europe, America and Australia who plays the piano plays Grieg. Many of them, of course, are unable to reveal the subtle beauties of his art; but even with their imperfect comprehension of him, they feel the extraordinary fascination of his genius. The fascination is twofold—national and individual. Grieg has done for Norwegian folk music what Chopin did for the Polish; but in both cases the individual is far above the national; that is, seven-eighths of the charm of their works is due to their own genius. Grieg, the writer thinks, is one of the most distinctive and characteristic composers that have ever lived. His harmonies are infinitely subtle, and exquisitely rich in color, while his treatment of the melody is highly original, as are his remarkably varied rhythms. Occasionally he indulges in a free rhapsodic manner of writing, but as a rule he is much less bold and revolutionary in regard to form than in the structure of his melodies, harmonies and rhythms. Like Chopin he preferred to write short pieces; yet in his sonatas and chamber music he showed that he had thoroughly mastered the longer forms of the past. The wonderful piano concerto is perhaps the most perfect amalgam of piano and orchestra ever attained by a tone-poet, while his orchestral and chamber pieces, highly original and deeply emotional, are admired by all who do not make internal length a criterion of excellence. His songs are "among the greatest written since Schubert," and as a writer of piano lyrics "he is the most original and important since Schumann and Chopin;" he has also improved the technique of his favorite instrument in a unique manner. While his mother was a Norwegian his father was of Scotch descent, and there is a distinct Scotch vein in his music, which in consequence enjoys much vogue in Scotland.

German newspapers state that Felix Mottl, the great conductor, will get \$25,000 for his tournee in the United States.

A very pleasing event that occurred on Friday evening was the presentation to Mr. W. F. Tasker by the members of the West Presbyterian Church choir of a handsome traveling case. The presentation was made by Mr. Humphreys, one of the members of session, who in his remarks referred not only to the excellent standard of the musical service achieved by Mr. Tasker during the past four years as organist and choirmaster, but also to the high estimation in which he was personally held by the members of the choir and congregation, and wishing him every success in the commercial life he is about to enter. Mr. Tasker replied in a few words of thanks, and pressed upon the choir his desire that they should accord to his successor the same loyal support he had enjoyed during his term of office.

The third edition of Mr. A. S. Vogt's work, "Modern Pianoforte Technique," is

now in the hands of the publishers, and will be issued in a few days. A number of additions and revisions are being made which will render the work more than ever useful to music students. "Modern Pianoforte Technique" is one of the few Canadian publications for which there is a large and steadily growing demand in the United States. The work is endorsed by the leading Canadian and United States teachers and pianists, the publishers having during the past week received a large order from one of the most prominent teachers in Chicago for use in his summer classes.

Among the musical attractions which it is announced will visit Canada next season is the Loudon G. Charlton Concert Company, consisting of Maude Reese-Davies, coloratura soprano; Ida Simmons, solo pianist, and Elvina van der Hende, the well-known Belgian violoncellist, who has been playing solos with the Damrosch, Thomas and Van der Stucken and other orchestras.

Mendelssohn, it is said, once expressed astonishment at the analyses of some of his works that were written by contemporary critics, and which, with much fertility of imagination, attributed ideas, designs and meanings in his scores which had never entered his head. The circumstance is recalled by the glowing notices of Strauss's works which have been called forth by the recent Strauss festival in London. Many of these notices reveal much ingenuity in making Strauss's music "square" with the writers' glittering theories, but it is safe to say that in many of them Richard Strauss will learn for the first time what he really meant by some of his compositions. Among the United States musical journalists who have entertainingly commented upon the chief features of the festival is Mr. Huneker of the New York "Sun," who has supplied his paper with a four-column article illuminated with much fancy, replete with vivid imagery, and offering many suggestive explanations which will command attention. Writing about "Don Quixote," Mr. Huneker says: "As the greatest narrator in modern prose is Gustave Flaubert, so Richard Strauss is the greatest of musical narrators. There is no longer any question of form in the classic sense; every music symbol and device hitherto known in the art of music is utilized and reinforced by the invention of numberless methods for driving home to the imagination the Old World tale of Don Quixote and his squire. It may be objected here that the story of Cervantes should suffice without any of the sonorous extollations of this composer. Very true. But Strauss only uses Don Quixote as he uses Zarathustra or Don Juan, as a type of something that may be discovered in all humanity. Don Quixote is the perfect type of the dreamer whose day dreams are a bridge into the strange part-colored land of madness. He may be the Knight of Cervantes or our next door neighbor. More terrible still, he may be our true self masked by the dull garb of life's quotidian struggle for bread! And to offset the fantasy of the Knight we have the homely wisdom of Sancho Panza, who, having barked his shins as well as warned them of the greasy life of a thruster or Don Juan, is a sensible fool, he is not understood by the foolish sensitivist, the poet who looks aloft and therefore misses the prizes dear to most of men.

"Strauss calls his work 'Fantastic variations on a theme of knightly character.' For the benefit of the musically pious let me add that it is in the form—broadly—of a Thema con Variazioni and Finale. Therein Strauss may be said to mock his own idealism, as Helne and Nietzsche once mocked theirs. The realism is, after all, a realism of fantasy, for the narrative deals with what the Knight of the Rueful Countenance imagined and with what his trusty squire thought of him. With his characteristic 'fair' for an apt subject Strauss recognized in the semi-dreamlike of Don Quixote a theme pat for treatment, and how he has treated it! That magnificent gift of irony ('Bon Dieu, may I never lose my irony,' cried in desperation a famous Frenchman), inherent in every sentence he utters, here expands a soil worthy of it. A garden of curious and beautiful flowers, flowers of evil as well as good, blooms in this score. Its close contains some of the most affecting and noble pages in modern musical literature, as poignant as Tchaikowski's, as dignified and dramatic as Richard Wagner's.

"There is no interruption in the different sections. Don Quixote 'is enacted' by the solo violoncello, the viola represents Sancho Panza. (Perhaps Strauss indulged in a sly witticism at the expense of the romantic Berlioz and his viola solo in 'Harold in Italy'. We first see—some hear, others see—Don Quixote reading braced brains, romance of chivalry. There are themes grandiose, mock heroic and crazy in their gallantry. Queer harmonies from time to time indicate the profound mental disturbance of the knight. He envisages the ideal woman; giants attack her; he rushes to the rescue. The muting of the instruments, tuba included, produces the idea of slow creeping madness and a turbulent comminglement of ideas. Suddenly his reason goes and with a crazy glissando on the harp and a mutilated version of the knightly theme the unfortunate man becomes quite mad. From this point madness is but a step after all. Don Quixote is now Knight Errant.

"Then follows, after a new theme rich in characterization, the theme of Sancho Panza, for the bass clarinet and bass tuba; later always on the viola. The fat shoulders, big paunch and mean, good-natured, lying, gluttonous, constant fellow are limited with a startling fidelity that Gustave Dore or Daniel Vierge have never attained—for music can give the sense of motion; it is par excellence the art of narration.

"The ten variations which ensue are masterpieces. We no longer ask for the normal eight-bar euphonious melody, for the equitable distribution of harmonies, for order, rhythm, mass and logic; but, with suspense, unreasoned, follow the line of the story, amazed, delighted, perplexed, angered, piqued, interested—always interested by the magic of the narrator. The adventure with the windmills; the victorious battle against the host of the great Emperor Alifanarion; dialogues of Knight and Squire; the meeting with the Penitents and the Knight's overthrow; his vigil; the meeting with his Dulcinea; the ride through the air; the journey in the enchanted boat; the combat with the two magicians; the combat with the Knight of

the Silver Moon, and the overthrow of Don Quixote and his death, are so many canvases upon which are painted with subtle, broad, ironic and naive strokes the memorable history above hinted at. The realistic effects, notably the use of the wind machine in Variation VII, are not distasteful. Muted brass in Variation II suggests the plaintive m-a-a-h-s of a herd of sheep. The grunting of pigs, crowing of roosters, roaring of lions and hissing of snakes were crudely imitated by the classic masters; while in the Wagner music-dramas may be discovered quite a zoological collection. Nor is the wind machine so formidable as it is said to be. It is an effect utilized to represent the imaginary flight through the air in a wild game of Knight and Squire on a wooden Pegasus. We know that it is pure imagination, for a growing tremolo of the double basses on one note tells the listener that the solid earth has really never been abandoned.

"Throughout there are many ravishing touches of tenderness, of sincere romance; and the finale is very pathetic. His reason returns—wonderfully indicated—and the poor, lovable Knight, recognizing his aberration, passes gently away. Here Strauss utilizes a device as old as the hills, and but lately heard in the B minor symphony of Tchaikowski. It is a sort of basso ostinato, the tympani obstinately tapping one tone as the soul of the much-tried man takes flight. Perhaps the accents of a deep-seated pessimism may be overheard here—for I believe Richard Strauss too great a nature to remain content with his successes."

The dissatisfaction that was generally expressed with the music provided at the Princess Theatre last season, no doubt has had much to do with Manager Shepard's recent decision to make a change in the personnel of the orchestra. Next season the music will be under the direction of Mr. Paul Branciere, formerly of the Grand Opera House orchestra, who will be assisted by Messrs. Napolitano, Whittaker, Clegg and other experienced players.

#### English Wives versus French.

**T**HE late Max O'Rell was a keen observer of English manners and customs, and the following comparisons of French and English wives is interesting, if not convincing: "Among the masses of the people (I mean the little 'bourgeoisie' and the working-classes) the Englishwoman is the mother of her husband's children and his housekeeper, but a housekeeper without wages, and who, unlike the cook, cannot give notice to leave."

"In France the wife is the friend and the confidante of her husband, the companion of his pleasures, and invariably his partner in business. From the day she is married she receives from her husband instruction in his business and in the investment of money. If she is a shopkeeper's wife it is she who has charge of his books and his cashbox. She receives the money, books it, and keeps it, too, until a round little sum is saved, and then a committee of two is formed to decide how to invest it. If this Frenchwoman uses her husband it is a moral loss to her, not a material one. She can go on without him perfectly well. She is capable of carrying on the business alone; she has every detail of it at her fingers' ends.

"In England a wife knows nothing of her husband's affairs—not so much as his clerk knows—and it would often be hard for her to say whether he is on the road to wealth or to ruin. At the death of her husband, an Englishwoman who has not enough to live on is obliged to become a governess, a lady companion, or a working housekeeper.

"An Englishman gives his wife so much a month for the expenses of the house and so much for dressing herself and the children. "It is without any astonishment that an Englishwoman learns one fine morning that her husband is about to take her to a sumptuous new home, or that circumstances make it expedient that they must remove to the humblest of dwellings. She follows the furniture. Maybe at breakfast her husband will say to her: 'My dear, I am ruined. I must go to Australia and try my luck there.' She answers: 'Very well, John; give me time to put on my hat.'

"The Bohemian temperament of the Englishman contrasts strangely with his habits of industry; he is a curious blending of the ant and the grasshopper.

"The Frenchman has but one aim as he works—to put by some money that shall bring him enough to live on when he gets old. His wife helps him to do it. When the aim is attained he knocks off work, and both he and his wife take life easily.

"The Englishman spends as he goes. The workman and the peasant, though they earned ten dollars a day, are satisfied to know that provision is made for them by the parish should they outlive their working days, and they spend every penny they make.

"The English house itself shows that its inmates take little thought for the morrow. It contains few cupboards and practically no cellars. The Englishman of the middle class orders in a dozen of fine at a time and puts it in his sideboard. In France the most ordinary provincial house is a veritable ant's store. The cupboards are full of linen. Even the humble home has a dark, dry corner where the owner can put his hand upon a dusty bottle of old Bordeaux the day that he has one of his family to nurse or an old friend to feast. The cellar is to the Frenchman what the linen cupboard is to the Frenchwoman—a sanctuary."

#### A Lesson in Punctuation.

A Philadelphia school girl said to her father the other night:

"Daddy, I've got a sentence I'd like to have you punctuate. You know something about punctuation, don't you?"

"Yes, a little," said her cautious parent, as he took the slip of paper she handed him.

This is what he read:

"A five-dollar bill flew around the corner."

He studied it carefully, and finally said:

"Well, I'd simply put a period after it, like this:

#### Cricket Up to Date.

**O**WING to certain changes in the character of the English summer, the M.C.C. proposes to issue an entirely new code of the Laws of Cricket for next season, announces "Punch." The following extracts are taken from an advance copy:

1. The game shall, when possible, be played by sides consisting of eleven men each. Should any player be drowned before the conclusion of the first day's play, a substitute shall be allowed for the remainder of the match. Should, however, vacancies occur from this cause on the second or third day, they must not be filled. Should there be no survivors on either side, the game shall be declared a draw.

5. Should a batsman strike the ball in such a way that, owing to its being in deep water or buried in mud, it cannot be found, six runs shall be scored.

6. A batsman shall be out (a) If a ball shall strike his lifebelt when the latter is in a line with the wicket. ("Belt before wicket.")

(b) If he shall intentionally splash mud or water in the eyes of the fieldsmen or bowler. ("Obstructing the field.")

(c) If, sinking in the mud between the wickets, he shall be unable to complete his run. ("Run out.")

(d) If, the wicket having disappeared beneath the water, the bowler shall send the ball, in the umpire's opinion, immediately over the spot where it was last visible. ("Morally bowled.")

15. It shall be the duty of the club on whose swamp the match is being played to provide each umpire with (a) a punt, (b) a life insurance policy, (c) a set of apparatus for resuscitating the apparently drowned.

17. If the bowler shall swim or float to the crease, in place of running or walking, the umpire shall call "no ball."

21. Unless otherwise arranged, play shall commence at 11 a.m. Should, however, the water on the ground be tidal, the captains of the opposing sides shall have liberty to make other arrangements.

22. The control of his side, and of all matters connected with its innings, shall be vested at the beginning of the match in the captain; with succession, if necessary, to his heirs, executors and assigns.

25. Should any of the ground on which the game is played become actually dry, the umpires shall pronounce it unfit for modern cricket, and the match shall be considered drawn.

#### Senator Ingalls' Epitaph.

In accordance with the wish of the late Senator Ingalls, his widow has placed at his grave one of the huge red boulders with which the Kansas prairies are strewn. The stone weighs five tons, and bears a bronze tablet with the following inscription selected from Senator Ingalls' work, "Blue Grass": "When the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of market and forum is closed, grass heels over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the blanket of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead."

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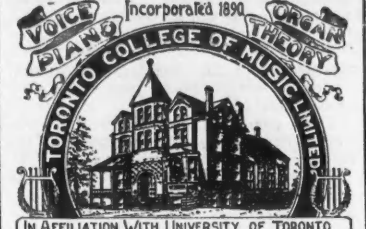
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### GABLER

7-octave Rosewood Square Piano, by Ernest Gabler, New York; has carved legs and lyre, serpentine and plinth mouldings; full iron frame and double overstrung scale; a very compact instrument; length 5 feet, width 2 feet 11 inches.

Was \$400 NOW \$85

### WEBER

7-octave Rosewood Square Piano, by Weber & Co.; handsome case, with carved legs and lyre, serpentine and plinth mouldings; full iron frame, overstrung scale, etc.; in as perfect condition as when new.

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### MASON & RISCH

7-octave Mason & Risch Upright Piano, in walnut case, with handsome Carriacian walnut panels, having hand-carving in relief. This piano has been thoroughly reconstructed and is as good as new.

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### WORMWITH

7-octave Upright Piano, by Wormwith & Co., Kingston; in walnut case, with full length music-desk; polished panels, with hand-carving in relief, iron frame, tri-chord overstrung scale, etc.; a nice-toned piano in perfect order.

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Says the New York "Sun": "Practically, the Presbyterian churches and the other churches, which draw their system of doctrine from the Westminster Confession and similar standards of faith, have abandoned the doctrine of hell. At the bottom they are all Universalists, whatever their creeds may say."

### Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Minty of Winnipeg are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Hees. Mr. and Mrs. Hees and Mrs. Sullivan intend paying a visit to Oswego shortly.

A very pretty wedding took place on Monday morning at St. Anne's Church, Dufferin street, when Miss Constance Nicholson was married to Mr. Evelyn J. Lea. The bride was gowned in white silk, inserted with lace, picture hat, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of bride's roses and carnations. She was given away by her grandfather. The bridesmaids, Miss Margaret H. Dorland and Miss Mabel Lea (sister of the groom), wore cream silk organdie, prettily shirred in clusters, and large white hats, and carried bouquets of pink roses. Mr. Edward F. Nicholson (brother of the bride) was best man. The Rev. Lawrence Skey, rector, performed the ceremony. On their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Lea will reside in Manning avenue.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, July 29, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Phillips, of Henry street, when their daughter, Laura Maude, was united in marriage to Mr. Frederick Albert Cox by the Rev. J. S. Broughall. The bride looked very bright and sweet in her bridal gown as she entered with her father, who gave her away. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses, ferns and sweet peas. Her sister, Miss Rose, was bridesmaid, and wore a pretty gown of blue crepe de chine over blue silk, and carried pink roses. Mr. Harry J. Cox, brother of the groom, acted as best man, and Mr. Joseph Montgomery as usher. After the ceremony a short reception was held, and dainty refreshments were served on the lawn, after which Mr. and Mrs. Cox left on their honeymoon trip.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Peardon of Gerard street and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Martin of Baldwin street, with Miss Carrie Tate of Shaw street, have returned to town after spending a most enjoyable holiday at Fairy Lake, Huntsville, Muskoka.

Mrs. MacIntyre of the Presbyterian Ladies' College and her only son, Mr. Reginald, have returned from a vacation trip down the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Hilton McCann of Marlborough Hall, Jarvis street, has gone via New York to his Southern home, Galveston, Tex.

Mrs. Florence Hendler James of Philadelphia, pupil of Mr. Hotchkiss Osborne, will sing to-morrow at both services in Bond Street Congregational Church.

Mrs. Alfred Thornton Smith of New York is the guest of Mrs. Archibald M. Huestis, at The Retreat, Jackson's Point.

Miss Ruby Edwards of Barrie is spending a month in town, the guest of Mrs. Charles Edwards, Tarryville, Balm Beach.

Mr. Edward Geoffrey Stairs of Halifax is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. W. H. Gibbs, jr., 16 Spruce street. He has joined the staff of one of the evening dailies and is a journalist of some experience.

Miss Faeder of Pittsburg, Pa., is staying for some weeks with Miss Florence Woolridge at the home of her parents, Kew Beach.

Mr. J. P. Langley has returned after a two months' vacation spent at Hot Springs, Ark.

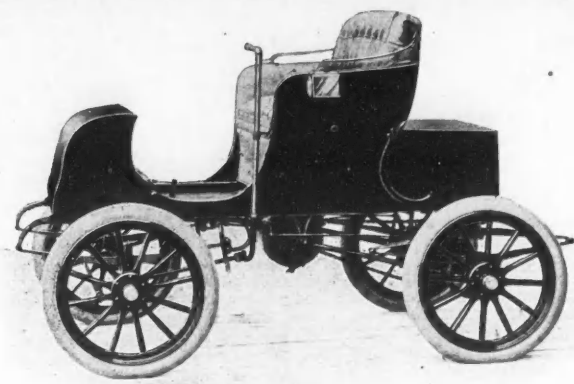
A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday, July 28, at one o'clock in St. Paul's Church, when Mr. William J. Tozer and Miss Louise Herdman were married by the Rev. Professor Cody. The bride wore a gray tailor-made traveling costume and a large reseda green hat. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Tozer left by boat for Montreal and the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacMurely, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacLaren and family are at the Atlantic House, Scarborough Beach, Me.

Among the recent registrations at the King's Royal, Owen Sound, are L. A. Cannaly and Mrs. Cannaly, Port Huron, Mich.; Miss Etta Carrie, Stratford; Mr. and Mrs. R. F. King and son, Mr. and Mrs. A. MacGowan, Dundalk; A. C. Lewenberg, Manitowish; Miss Alice Hughes, Collingwood; Mrs. H. E. Crawford, Mrs. T. A. Burrows, Winnipeg; Mrs. H. A. Cowan and children, Miss Porteous, Toronto; Miss L. Gibson, Morrisburg; Dr. and Mrs. Hays A. Clement, Philadelphia; Mrs. J. MacKenzie Alexander, G. M. Alexander, Miss Jean Alexander, Master Gordon Alexander and maid, J. W. Chapman, W. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. A. R. Gordon and two children, Miss A. Close, Miss E. Wilson, Miss L. Wilson, A. G. Robertson, G. B. Nicol, Miss G. Jenkins, Miss M. Jenkins, Thomas W. Dudgeon, E. C. Byers and family, Toronto; Eric McGuire, Ridgeway, Pa.; A. R. Gart, London; M. A. Rombough, H. Wilson, F. Williams, Mrs. T. E. Milburn, Mrs. J. Carroll, Gordon Perry, R. S. Wilson, Mrs. D. Wilson, Toronto; Colonel J. H. Higbee and Mrs. Higbee, Nova Scotia; Miss Florence G. Anderson, Arthur; Miss G. H. Baillie, Toronto; Dr. Orr, Toronto; G. A. Robertson and son, Surrey, Eng.; L. K. Cameron and Mrs. Cameron, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. L. Ferguson and Master Julian, Louisville, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Walker, Detroit; Mrs. Glenn R. Brown, Miss Tinsley, Mrs. Myers, Elgin C. Myers, Jamestown, N.Y.; Gower Boyd, Mrs. Boyd and family, Mrs. C. W. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Masters Charlie and Will Taylor, D. S. Barclay, Mrs. Barclay, Miss Jeannette Barclay and Master William Barclay, Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Ward have returned from a year's residence in New York en route to Muskoka, whither they will be accompanied by the Rev. Carey Ward. Miss Ward has enjoyed a year of arduous work in the art centers of the American metropolis, and has received the high approval of leading sculptors who visited her studio, besides obtaining the distinction of having work exhibited by the National Sculpture Society of New York. Miss Ward opens a studio at York Chambers, 9 Toronto street, on September 1, where those interested in sculpture will be able to see some of the results of her work in New York.

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### Shakespeare in Braid Scots.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Andrew Carnegie I am able, declares Bert Leston Taylor, author of "The Biliostine," to present a few excerpts from the Braid Scots version of "Hamlet," with which entertainment Mr. Carnegie's endowed American theater is to be dedicated. The rendering is the work of Professor F. Haddie of the University of John-Groat's. Inspired by the success of "The New Testament in Braid Scots," Professor Haddie has undertaken to translate the plays of Shakespeare into the same living language. What I have seen appears excellent work, although my friend, Mr. Donald MacFush, of Toronto, whose appreciation I solicited, advises me that there are many "bad breaks" in it. It occurs to me that bad breaks must be expected from excerpts, which do not permit of continuous narrative—a point which Mr. MacFush seems to have overlooked.

ACT I.—SCENE 4.  
Ham. 'Tis sair cauld, ah'm thinkin'.  
Hor. Ay, ma neb's bew.  
Ham. Whitt's the hour?  
Hor. It's wantin' twal.  
Mar. Nae, 'tis strickit.  
Hor. Ye've gude ears, Marcellus.  
Aweel, bide a wee. The bogle wull coom. (Flourish of trumpets and shot within.)  
Whitt's wrang, ma laird?

Ham. The king's drouthie the nicht, an' as he drins his coop o' Rhenish down the kiltedroom an' swee mak' muckle ado. The king, ah'm thinkin', wull be fu'fou belyve.  
Hor. Is't a coostom?  
Ham. Ay, is it.

ACT I.—SCENE 5.  
Mar. Laird Hamlet!  
Hor. Heeven be wi' him!  
Ham. Aweel.  
Ham. Hoots, toots, ma laird!  
Ham. Hoots, toots, callant! Coom, burdie, coom.  
Hor. Whitt news, ma laird?  
Ham. Oeh! uncoss.  
Hor. Gude, ma laird, Tell't.  
Ham. Nae, ye'll let bug if ah tell't.  
Hor. Ah'll nae let bug, ma laird.  
Mar. Ah'm doom, ma laird.  
Ham. Cross yer hert?  
Mar. Ay, cross ma hert, ma laird.  
Ham. Aweel, aweel. Whitt! There's nae veelain in a' Denmark but he's a leen knave. D'ye ken that?  
Hor. Ay (to Marcellus). He's daft, ah'm thinkin'.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.  
Ham. D'ye ken yon elud—the yin that's uncoss like a cabmel?  
Pol. Ay. 'Tis suspiciously like a cabmel.  
Ham. Ah'm thinkin' it's a weasel.  
Pol. It ha' whuskers like a weasel.  
Ham. Ah'm thinkin' aibins it's a whale.  
Pol. Ay, it ha' the neb o' a whale.  
Ham. Aweel, aweel. Ah'll coom to ma mither the morn.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.  
First Clo. Gie me leave. Here bides the watter; gude. Here bides the mon; gude. Gif the mon gae to the watter an' droon hissel', ay, wully nully, he gae. D'ye ken that? But gif the watter coom to him an' droon him, he droons no hissel'. Argyle, the mon isna geelty o' his ain deid.  
See Clo. Havers, mon! Is this law?  
First Clo. Ay, 'tis crooner's quest law.  
Ham. Hoo lang ha' ye howked graffs, mon?  
First Clo. Oeh! langsyne; ay, auld langsyne.  
Ham. An' hoo lang's auld langsyne?

First Clo. Tush! any fule kens that; e'en the dementit laddie Hamlet, him that gae'd to England.  
Hor. The loon wad mak' a geck o' ye, ma laird. Ding him yin on the neb!  
Ay. An' whitt wey did Hamlet gae to England?  
First Clo. He wis daft—daft's a hatter.  
Ham. Ay. An' hoo cam' he daft?  
First Clo. Ye'll no let bug?  
Ham. Nae; cross ma hert.  
First Clo. He gae'd daft from tinin' his wits. 'Tis toon clash.  
Hor. Hoots, toots, ma laird! Ding the loon yince! 'Twill dae him gude!  
Ham. Whitt!

### Pandora's Box.

'Tis packed, and in the hall it bides—  
'Till comes apace the day—  
Till up some sturdy Ajax strides  
And trundles it away.  
Large, square, prosaic, scrawled and scarred  
With pusters and with knobs,  
Suspect who would that they regard  
Pandora's fabled box!  
Beneath its lid lie snugly hid  
A host of things that none  
Would think were there, the contents  
Of many a mother's son.  
Aye, sighs are mixed with furbelows,  
And heartaches mixed with frocks,  
And wrath and tears with knots and bows.  
In this Pandora's box.  
A parcel but covers love—  
The fickle Summer kind;  
And where a hat rests light above,  
A Summer kiss we find.  
In fact, the coffer forms a lair  
For all that gibes and mocks—  
And even Hope proves but a snare  
In this Pandora's box.

Beside the ocean has been peace  
On porch and cliff and sand.  
But such a state will now soon cease  
At crafty Fate's command;  
For peace of heart and mind is fled  
When Mudge her trunk unlocks  
And through the Summer world is spread  
What's in Pandora's box.

Ella Forte—What is mutum in parvo?  
Bertie—You in your bathing suit, sis—  
Ex.

"She knows where her husband is every minute of the day." "He must be in the penitentiary."

"Pa, what is a fray?" "Why, my son, that is what a person who has never been in a fight calls it."—"Puck."

"Grandpa, what is a morganatic marriage?" "A morganatic marriage? H'm. That must be a marriage for money."—"N. Y. Life."

"All that education does for some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is to learn dem a few mo' words to talk foolishness wif."—"Washington Star."

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire.  
And said to his mates, "I declare,  
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue,  
We'll all have to sit on the air."  
—"London Fishing Gazette."

Miss Goode—You should try to break yourself of the habit of swearing, my little man, Jimmy—Vot! After all de trouble I've gone to to learn it!—"Puck."

"I see in the paper that a widower with nine children out in Nebraska has married a widow with seven children." "That was no marriage. That was a merger."—"Puck."

"I'm glad to see that you respect your parents, Elmer," said the minister. "I've just got to do it," replied the little fellow; "why, either of them could lick me with one hand."—"Chicago News."

Mrs. Gaussip—I suppose you're careful to make your husband tell you everything that happens to him? Mrs. Strong—

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### Social and Personal.

The third weekly dance of the West End Islanders took place Tuesday evening in the Hotel Hanlan ballroom, the decorations of bunting and flags making the room look beautiful. The I.A.A.A. orchestra, which is one of the best in the city, has been engaged for the season. The weekly dances of the W.E.I. have grown very popular with the young people, both on the island and in town. The hall was very crowded, nearly four hundred people turning out, in spite of the threatening rain. Among some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Darrell, Mr. and Mrs. Sowden, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Wedd, Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Pattison, Mrs. Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Darrell, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, Mrs. R. J. Score, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dinnis, Mr. and Mrs. McGill, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Eakins, Miss Tremble, Miss Nora Hamilton, Miss Edna Pattison, Miss Garvin, Miss Ross, Miss Clancy, Miss Dottie Lamont, Miss Lamont, Miss Eason, Miss E. Doherty, Misses Wheaton, Miss McConnell, Miss Beckie of Buffalo, Miss A. McGill, Miss McFarland, Mrs. Morrow of New York, Miss Stanbury, Miss Shaw, Miss Patterson, Miss Ash, Miss Ahearn, Miss Jackson, Mrs. Rathbone, Messrs. H. Stone, E. J. Johnston, G. Lamont, D. McGill, A. J. Pattison, Jr., J. McGinn, Garrow, Merrick, Allan, K. McBeth, Allan B. Sher, J. Bailey, Fred Lamont, Fred Stone, L. Stone, Fred Score, J. Trow, Ross, Robert Moody, Jack Bartlett, J. V. Harvey of Winnipeg, Doherty, T. A. Doherty, J. S. Garvin of New York, Wilcox, McKean, Hanley, Dunstan, Robertson, J. Allen, Smith, Gounlock, Elliott, Darling, Temple, Tindall, Dr. and Mrs. Curran of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist, and a great many others.

Among recently registered guests at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines, are Mr. and Mrs. C. Shepley, the Misses Shepley of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Hobson of Hamilton, Mrs. G. V. Martin of Whitby, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sandeman of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. H. Straus of Cleveland, Mrs. and Miss Brush of Baltimore, Mrs. and Miss Dauzger of Chicago, Mr. Henry Stern of New Orleans, Mrs. Brundage, Miss R. Brundage of Bath, Mrs. Schloer of Brooklyn, J. R. Heintz, Mrs. J. P. Friesinger, Mr. A. W. and Mrs. Curtis, Miss Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Zipp, Mrs. Moersheidre, Mr. F. H. Callan of Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Robinson sailed on July 18 by the "Patricia" of the Hamburg-American Line to visit Paris, Berlin, Munich and London. While in Berlin they will be the guests of Mr. Frank W. Hessin, manager in Germany of the Aetolian Company of New York. Since Mr. Robinson's recovery from typhoid he and his clever wife have been kept so busy professionally that their holiday is well earned.

Some little time ago Lord Aberdeen commenced to rebuild the ancient house of Schivas—once the property of the Irvin family—once a residence near Hadford for his eldest son, who delights in country life and is a practical and energetic farmer. Lord Haddo, who was born in 1879, cares comparatively little for society, and has never been numbered with the gilded youths who find in entertaining and being entertained the Ultima Thule of their existence. Lord Aberdeen's younger sons, Dudley and Archibald, are also inclined to take life seriously, and have recently served an apprenticeship at one of the big ship-building yards in Aberdeen, working with a professor in the town. The boys have inherited their father's taste and skill in mechanics and engineering, and have also his capacity for work. The Hon. Dudley Gordon, who when at Harrow was a captain in its cadet corps, is now a captain of the local volunteers, the Gordon Highlanders. His younger brother has already distinguished himself as a shot, and went from Winchester last summer to shoot for the Ashburton Shield at Bisley.

Mr. and Mrs. Peden, Miss Peden, Miss Forlong, Mr. Coninlock and Mr. Downey, all of Toronto, together with Mr. and Mrs. Noverre, Mr. and Mrs. Seibold and Mr. H. Steward, are at Bobacayoon, Kawartha Lakes, having a very jolly time, boating, fishing and playing tennis. Miss Peden entertains the party and guests at the Hotel Royal with her phonograph.

Miss Peitch of Buffalo is visiting Mrs. Harry Rea, Carlton street.

Mr. William Dunsford spent a couple of days in town this week, the guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. James Tower Boyd. He, along with other visiting Torontonians, is very proud of the new palace hotel.

The pallbearers for the funeral of the late J. C. Bailey, on July 28, were Messrs. R. W. Elliot, John Ellis, S. Johnston, John Maughan, James Smith, J. Dickson, C. Caron, H. Crew. Some of his intimate friends were Sir Morton Peto, Sir Douglas Fox, Sir Joseph Hickson, Hon. George A. Cox, Sir William C. Van Horne, Edmund Wragge, Hon. George A. Brown, Robert Jaffray, Rev. John Pearson, rector of Holy Trinity Church, took charge of the funeral services.

The Corporation of Trinity Medical College, upon receiving the resignation of Dr. Walter B. Geikie, founder of the college and for many years its dean, unanimously passed the following resolution, an engrossed copy of which has been forwarded to Dr. Geikie:

We, the Corporation of Trinity Medical College, in accepting the resignation of Dr. Walter B. Geikie, D.C.L., F.R.C.S.E., L.R.C.P. (Lond.), dean of the faculty and professor of the principles and practice of medicine, desire to place on record our sense of the debt of gratitude we owe to our late associate, for his two and thirty years of earnest and self-sacrificing labors on behalf of the college. At all times, in season and out of season, by night and by day, year after year, the cause of Trinity Medical College has ever been foremost in his thoughts, as the one object around which his affections centered. With every energy and faculty he possessed, Dr. Geikie labored to promote what he considered the best interests of the college which was so dear to his heart, and owing in a large degree to these unwearied efforts Trinity Medical College has attained her present proud position. It is with feelings of regret that the corporation parts with him, who is the father in medicine of most of its members, who has presided over its meetings, and piloted its ship through many breakers, and we one and all desire that Dr. Geikie may be spared for many years to enjoy the satisfaction of well-earned repose.

Signed by all the members of the Corporation.

Toronto, June, 1903.

Following is a partial list of the special attractions that have been engaged for the Dominion Exhibition, Toronto: Rossy Kiralfy's "A Carnival of Venice," T. W. Hand Co.'s fireworks; Johnson, Loretto and Davenport, acrobatic comedians; the Bounding Patersons, the Athos Family, Ricciobono's horse and clown act, the Filippi's trick horse act, Galletti's monkeys and baboons, LaVelle Brothers' trick horse, Stanton's big rooster, Klien, Ott Brothers and Nickerson's musical act on different kinds of instruments.

What House? He was a commercial traveler of the more flashy type, and had just finished telling a startling story to his newly made acquaintance in the railway carriage. "That reminds me of one of Munchausen's yarns," remarked the victim, for want of something better to say. "Munchausen! Who is he?" "Why, don't you know about him? He is the most colossal example of mendacity that civilization has produced."

A brief, painful silence ensued, which was broken by the traveler, in a tone that was almost timid. "Excuse me, my friend," he said, "if I seem inquisitive, but would you mind telling me what house he travels for?"

### My First and Last Violin Recital.

"WELL, old man," said Wells to the "pop" pipped forth, and a thrill of delight rose from the multitude. I started the air again, at a somewhat quicker tempo; an old gentleman in the front row of the stalls began to sob with ecstasy, and to my bewilderment the beautiful girl of the omnibus was sitting next to him with her great eyes fixed upon me filled with admiring joy. I plunged into my first "variation"—the baldest and most trifling thing ever conceived—and sighs of delight came wafted towards me from all parts of the hall. Then I let 'em have it full blast. I gave 'em false notes by the dozens. I dashed into double-stopping with appalling results, and bridged the outbursts of noise with matches of Czerny's exercises. I flung it at them on the dominant, I dragged it out of that old fiddle on the tonic! At last, with a terrific arpeggio that swept the four strings—the G and D strings unfingered, and B and G on the A and E strings respectively—I brought the mockery to a close, placed the fiddle on the piano, and stood bowing and perspiring. The audience rose as one man, and the thunder of their cheering fairly shook the hall. The more I bowed the more they applauded. They wanted more. But I tottered down the stairs into the artists' waiting-room, where Wells (who had hurried round) was waiting for me, and fell into his arms in a burst of hysterical laughter. And after a great deal of hand-shaking with the manager and other people, I managed at last to get away from the place, and the great joke was over.

Yet not quite. Next day's papers all contained references to the "unexpected and sensational appearance of the popular violinist," and one eminent scribe worked himself into a fit of ecstasy over "the quaint charm of the Bohemian folk-air he played." So much for the critics! Next day I cut my hair and let my beard grow.

I had, however, learnt that if Shakespeare had lived in the days of popular musical virtuosi the world would have been the poorer, for, at any rate, one line in his book. I refer to the familiar exclamation, "What's in a name?" That evening's event taught me that there is a thundering lot in a name! And don't you forget it!—English paper.

"Harper's Weekly."

"There are good things in 'Punch,' not always, of course, but sometimes, and a recent instance was some answers to the enquiry: 'Should there be music at meals?' Of six replies, that attributed to Mr. J. P. Sousa was: 'There is no doubt that the nearer the trombone the sweeter the meat,' which was frivolous; but this answer, attributed to Mr. Henry Bird, really goes into the merits of the question: 'You ask, 'Should there be music during meals?' But what of the converse?—should there be meals during music? It seems to me that to offer music at a restaurant is a confession of failure on the part of the chef. Our music at the St. James' Hall concerts would have to be had indeed before we provided the extra inducement of food to go with it.' There is decided point to that. Music at meals fairly implies a failure somewhere, and if it is not in the cook, it must be in the diners. Music costs something, and certainly the restaurant keepers would not provide it unless they believed their patrons liked it. The natural accompaniment of dinner is talk, but music is a hindrance to conversation. It makes it hard to hear what is said, and keeps voices strained. It must be that people who want to converse over their food don't like it, and if there are so very many people who do like it they must be folks who are glad of any din by which their conversational defects may be concealed."

But do very many people like it, or is it only a fad which most people are tired of, and from the bondage of which they would be glad to be released? In New York, as in London, all the best restaurants have orchestras now, and it is hard to get a good dinner outside of a club or a private house without having music forced in. Whatever restaurant started the practice in a past already dim must have found it profitable, but it is quite possible that the public taste no longer craves this indulgence. All I can tend to live on a while after the taste for them has been satiated. The force of habit preserves them for a time, but their doom eventually arrives. It is no longer compulsory on persons of all ages to play golf. The game survives, and will survive, for it is a good game and useful. But it is played this year by people who like it, and not so much as it was by people who think they ought to like it. It takes a good deal of time, and people who would rather do something else feel freer than they did to devote their leisure to other things. Bridge-whist is a younger fad than golf, and is still very prevalent; but it is as certain as the taxes that, presently, a great many people who have made it the chief of the secondary objects of their existence will yawn in its face, and enquire if there are not other pastimes which it would be expedient to test. Bridge-whist, attentively played, takes a fairly large slice out of the waking moments of its patrons, and most of them are bound to come in time to a point where they wonder whether it pays. Only a few diversions are permanently attractive. Money never goes entirely out of fashion, and its pursuit comes near being a permanent fad. Feeding, if judiciously cultivated, shows a wonderful permanence of attraction. Drinking seems to wear well as a form of enjoyment, in spite of all the blots upon its record and all that may be truthfully said in disparagement of it. And good talk, too, adds steadily to human happiness. But all these are old and tried employments. The new diversions change from year to year, have their turn, and give place to something newer, to be resurrected again, if they happen to be good, after everyone has forgotten them.

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making bead purses, bags, chains, belts, fobs and all sorts of brilliant articles, and the popularity of the work has grown until this summer one sees dozens of women on hotel and cottage piazzas so engaged.

The occupation is really very fascinating, and so great has become the demand for the beads, the looms, the frames, the needles and the other implements required in the work that an enterprising Boston woman has started a shop for their output, and gives full instructions with the designs she sends, so that the veriest amateur can make Indian beadwork.

The purses are beautiful, but rather difficult to make. The beads, almost infinitesimal in size, are first strung and counted according to the design, then rewrapped about the spool and crocheted in one by one on silk thread with a fine steel needle. A mistake of one bead in the counting will necessitate the unstringing of the whole spool.

At Newport many of the ultra set have heeded some of the sort handed down with care from great-grandmothers, much like the old samplers and log cabin quilts. Such beautiful purses are now worn with great pride. One can buy the ready-made, but they cannot compare in beauty or design with the old-time ones. Many girls of the younger set are now making them. One woman I know has just finished a square purse about three inches across, the mountings for which are of gold, studded with small turquoise, to match the color which predominates in the weaving.

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The materials are inexpensive; the finished articles are exceedingly rich-looking. The workmanship is costly, however, as a good, perfect purse cannot be obtained for less than twenty to thirty dollars. The number of pretty things that can be made is practically limitless. Communicants' bags, with ivory rings and ribbons for drawing them close at the top, are very popular. They are a novelty for the carrying of handkerchief, purse, prayer-book, etc., and are made much larger than the coin purse or portemonnaie. Covers for prayer-books are also made of the beadwork in quiet shades or white and gold. All the bags are finished at the edges, bottom and sides with bead fringe.

Professor Dorenwend of the Dorenwend Company of Toronto (Limited), accompanied by his daughter Irene, left Monday for New York, where Professor Dorenwend will do his annual buying. Before returning they will make an extended tour through the Eastern States.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Cameron—July 29, Toronto, Mrs. Wellington A. Cameron, a son.  
Dyer—July 27, New Toronto, Mrs. Adam Dyer, a daughter.  
Garrett—July 27, Victoria Harbor, Mrs. J. W. Garrett, a son.  
Jeffrey—July 24, Toronto, Mrs. E. C. Jeffrey, a son.  
Jones—July 22, Toronto, Mrs. Ogden Jones, a son.  
McLennan—July 26, Lindsay, Mrs. J. M. McLennan, a daughter.  
Warden—July 25, Toronto, Mrs. Alex. Warden, a daughter.  
Whitacre—July 16, Toronto, Mrs. J. G. Whitacre, a daughter.

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Barclay—At his residence, 78 Brunswick avenue, Toronto, suddenly, of heart failure, on Thursday evening, July 23rd, George James Barclay, in his sixty-third year.  
Bailey—Monday, July 27th, 1903, at his residence, 311 Carlton street, John C. Bailey, civil engineer, in his 78th year.  
Bracken—July 28, Toronto, Henry Bracken, aged 54 years.  
Boyd—July 29, Toronto, Capt. Wm. Boyd, in his 73rd year.  
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McConkey—July 26, Cordoba, Bera, Mexico, Walter Ross McConkey of Guelph.  
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Bond—July 25, Toronto, Amelia Macpherson Bond, aged 41 years.  
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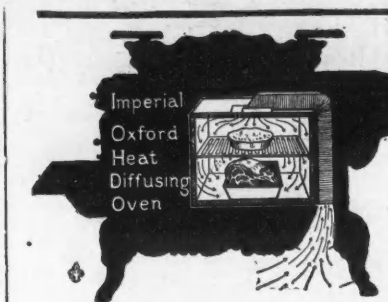
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